

MARVEL®

SPIDER-MAN®

ISSUE

6

BENDIS • LAFUENTE • PONSOR



The bite of a genetically altered spider granted high school student Peter Parker incredible arachnid-like powers. When a burglar killed his beloved Uncle Ben, a grief-stricken Peter vowed to use his amazing abilities to protect his fellow man. He learned the invaluable lesson that with great power there must also come great responsibility.

Now the fledgling super hero tries to balance a full high school curriculum, a part-time job, a relationship with Gwen Stacy and swing time as the misunderstood, web-slinging Spider-Man!

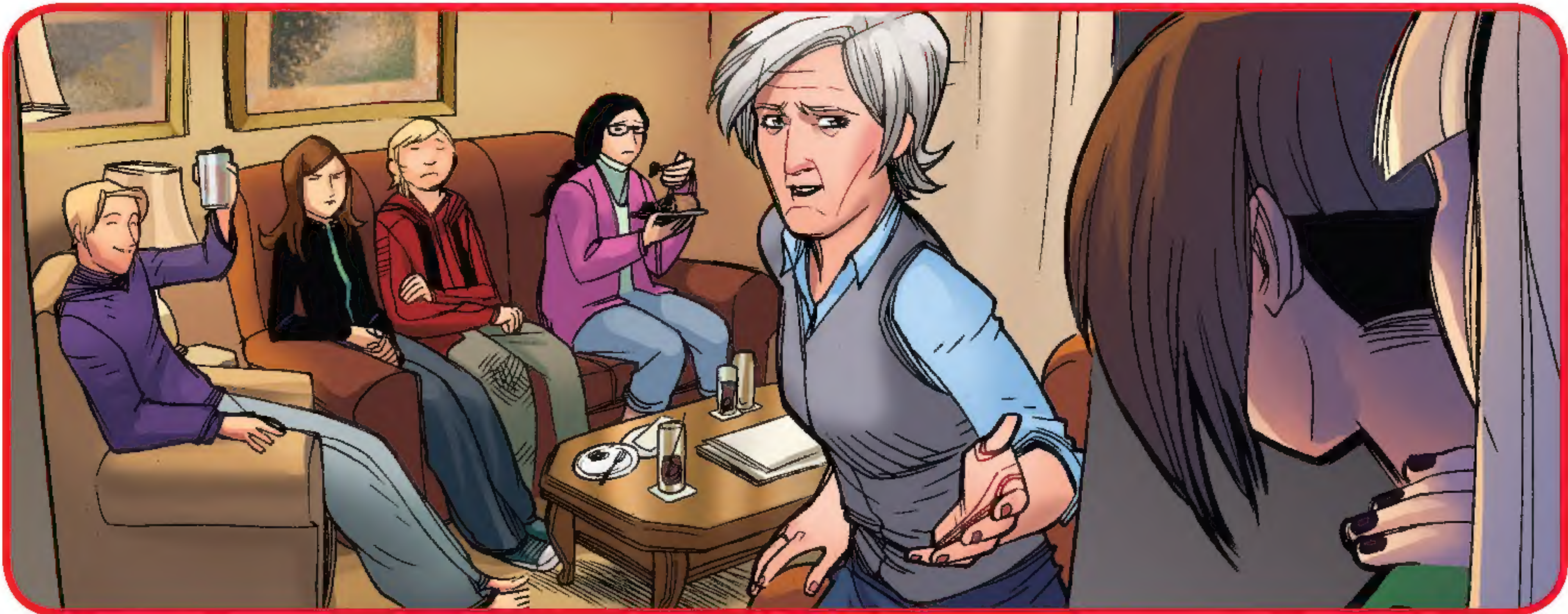


PREVIOUSLY IN ULTIMATE SPIDER-MAN: SIX MONTHS AGO...

The Ultimatum Wave has destroyed New York City. With no warning a massive tidal wave crashed down on the island of Manhattan killing millions of people in the blink of an eye. Many of the world’s iconic heroes died in the tragedy. It has been revealed the wave was a terrorist attack by the mutant Magneto.

Today! Peter is now dating Gwen Stacy instead of Mary Jane Watson and working at a mall food court instead of the now defunct Daily Bugle. Mutants are outlawed, and the growing threat of the enigmatic Mysterio takes the life of the once untouchable Kingpin of Crime. Mysterio is now gunning for Spider-Man. But there is another mysterious character running around. One that saved MJ’s life.

On the homefront, Johnny Storm, aka The Human Torch, appeared at Peter’s doorstep and Aunt May agreed to let Johnny stay with them. At the same time, Bobby Drake, aka former X-Man Iceman, was kicked out of his own family and turned to his friend Kitty Pryde for help. She brought him to Aunt May, and to Peter’s surprise, Aunt May agreed to take care of Bobby too.



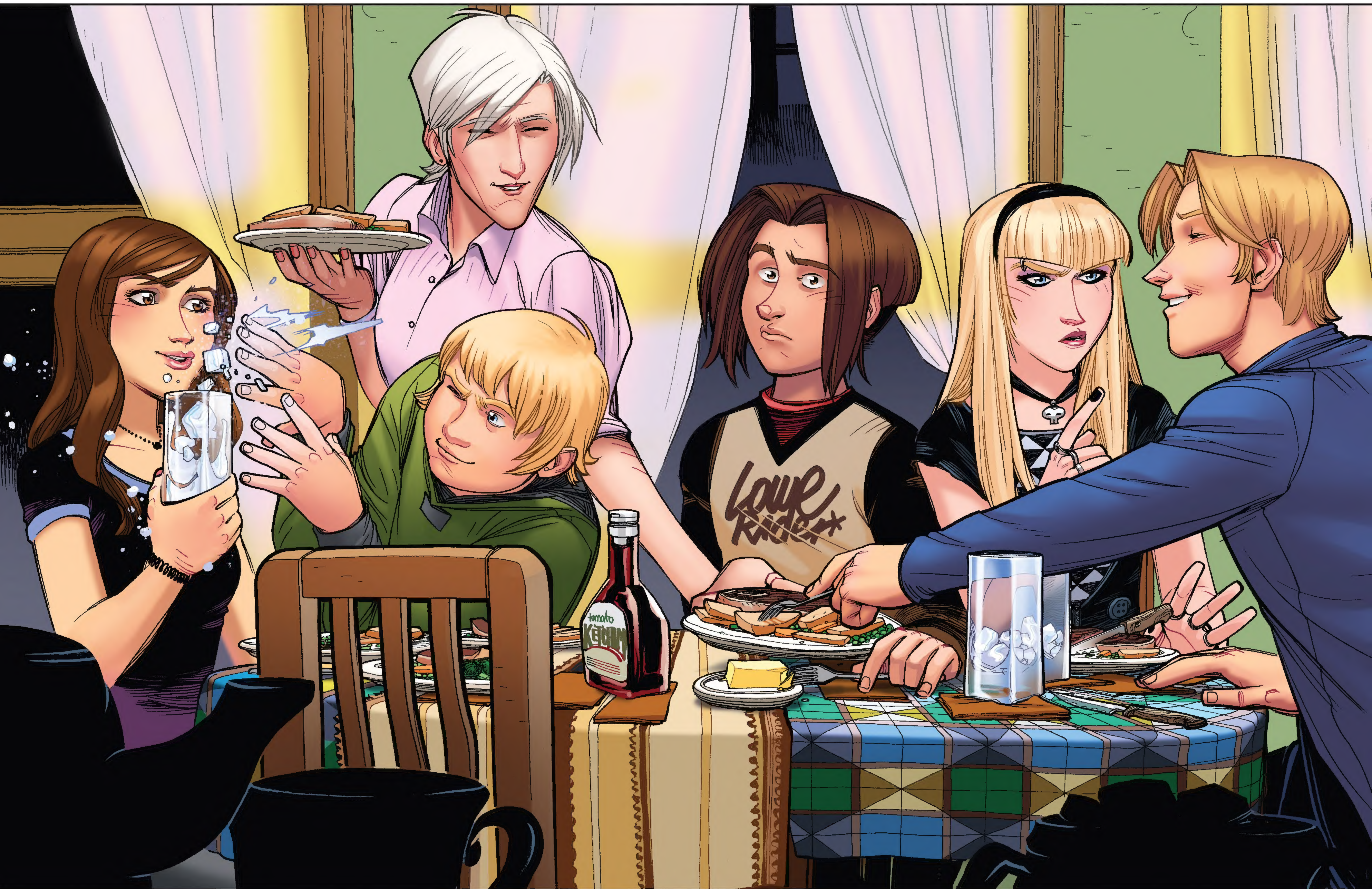
THE NEW WORLD ACCORDING TO PETER PARKER

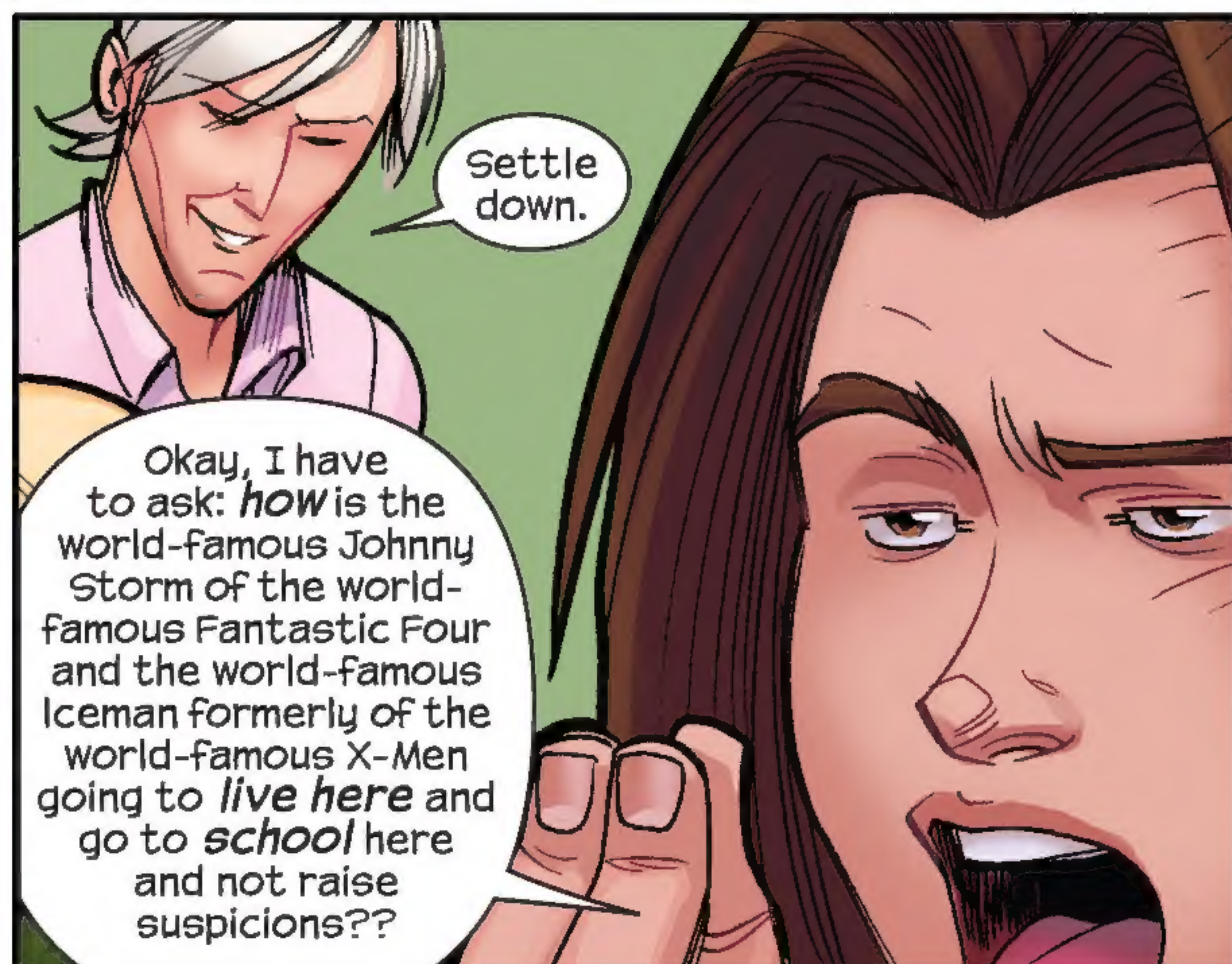
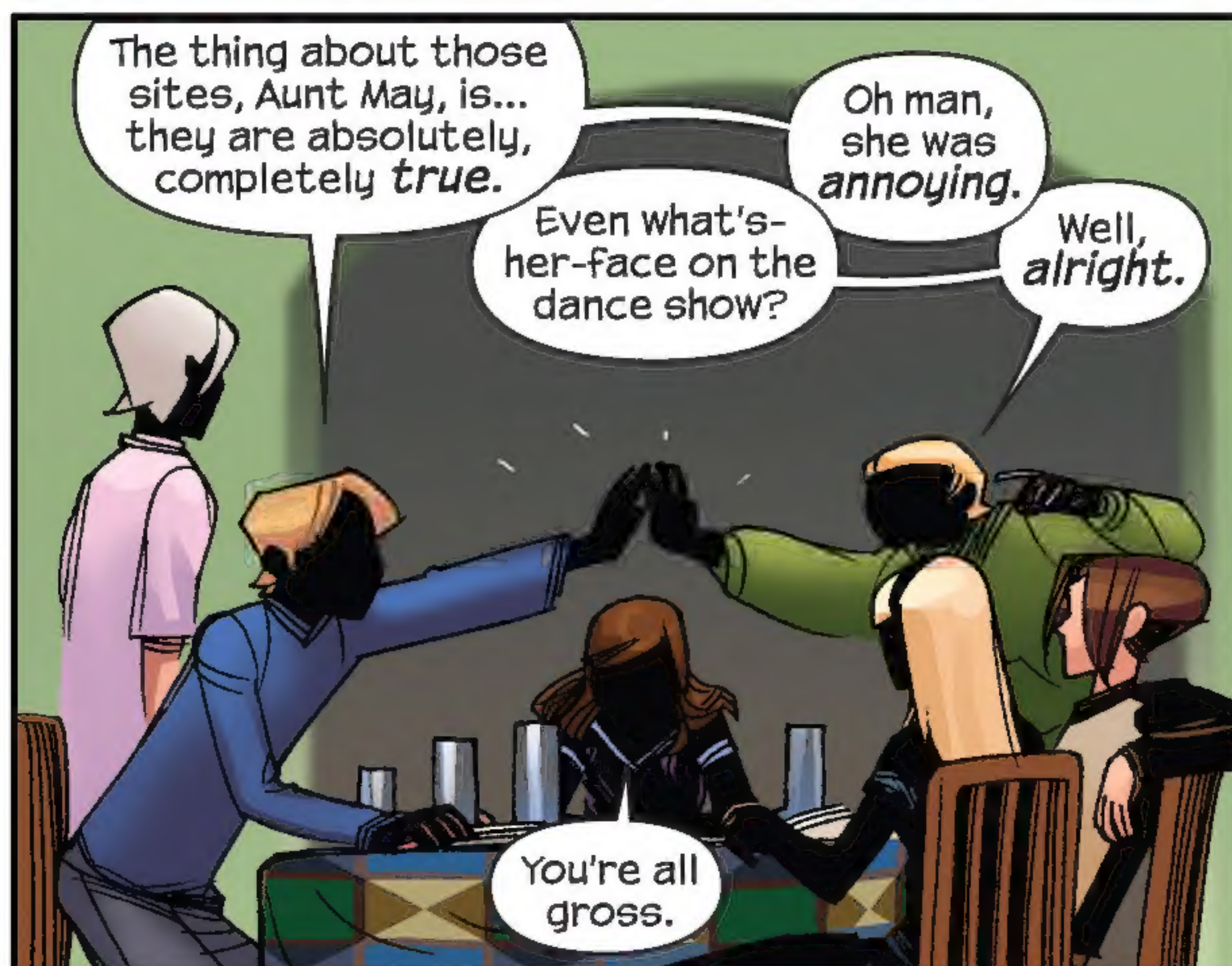
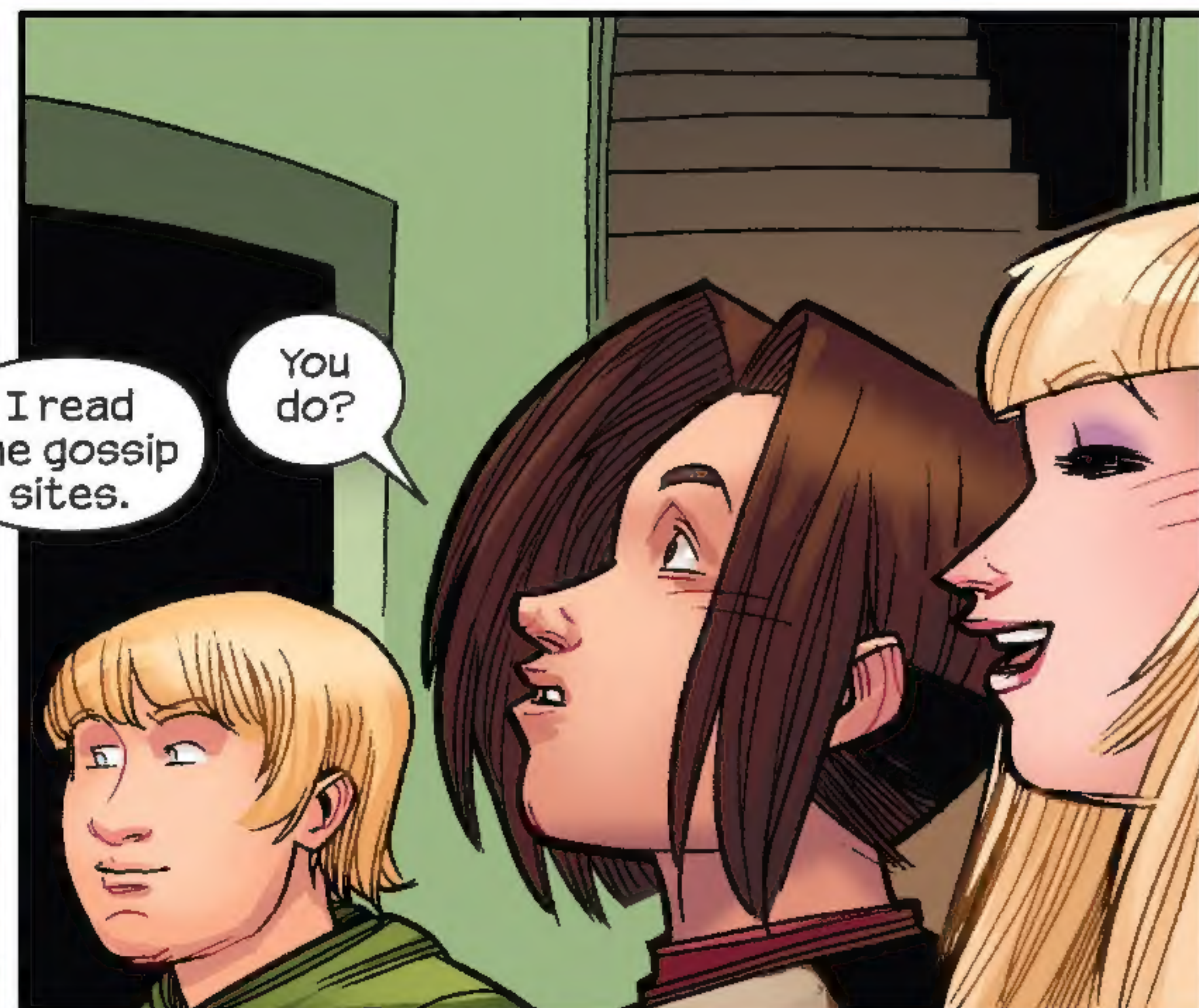
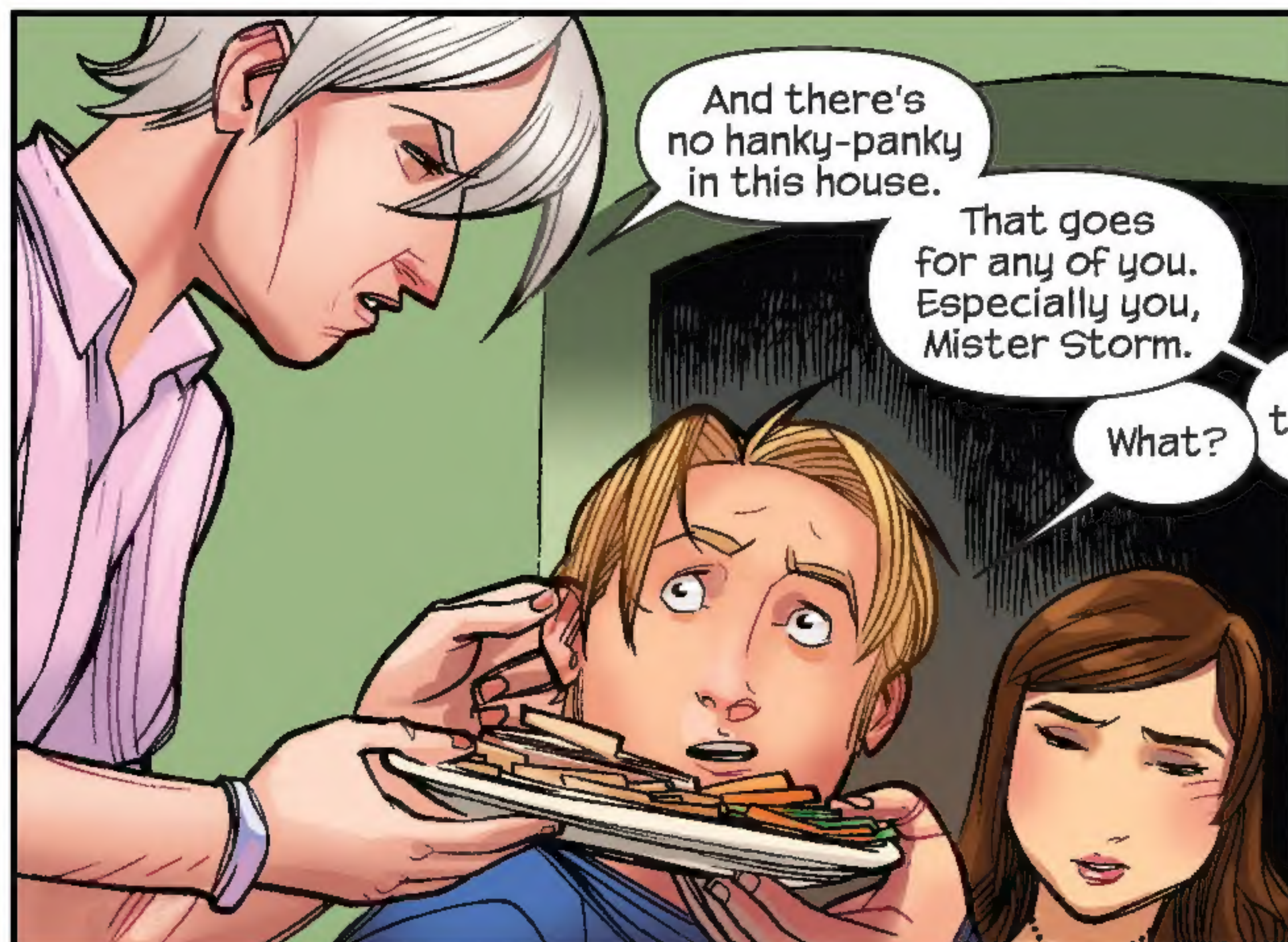
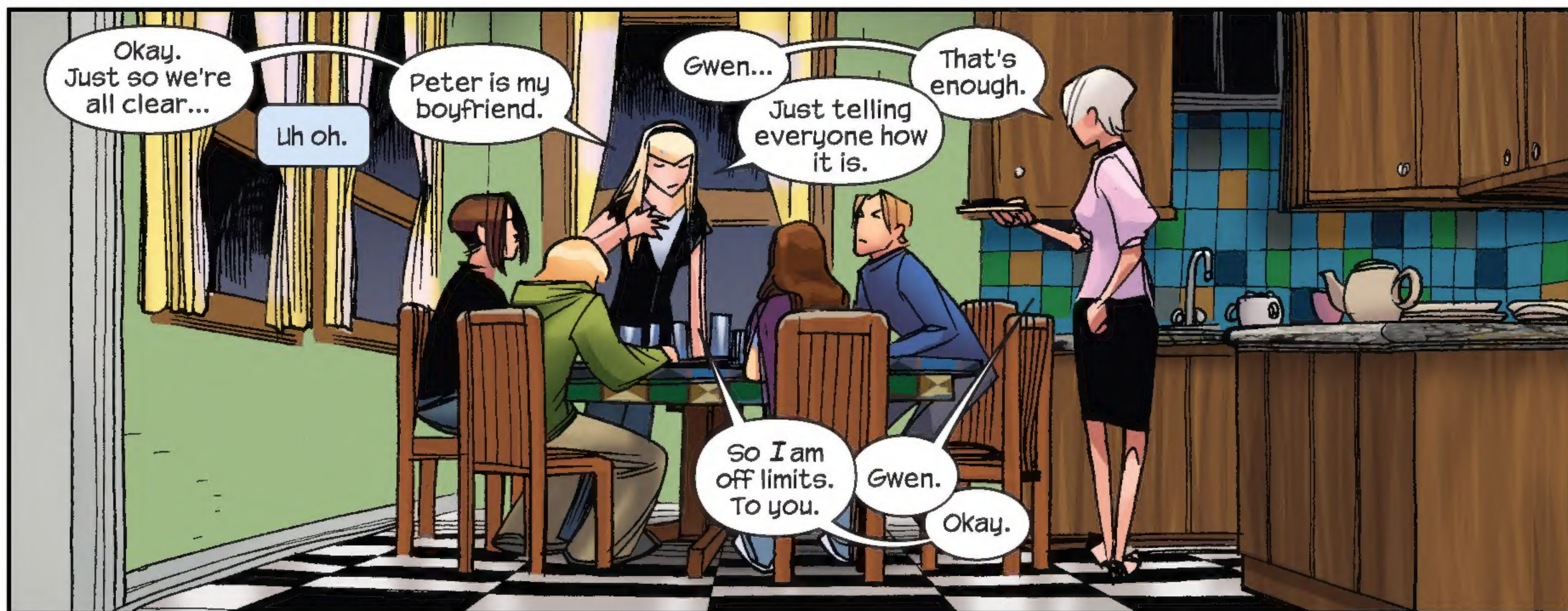
Writer Brian Michael Bendis	Artist David Lafuente	Colorist Justin Ponsor	Letterer VC's Cory Petit
Cover Art Lafuente & Ponsor	Assistant Editor Sana Amanat	Senior Editor Mark Paniccia	Executive Producer Alan Fine
Editor in Chief Joe Quesada	Publisher Dan Buckley		

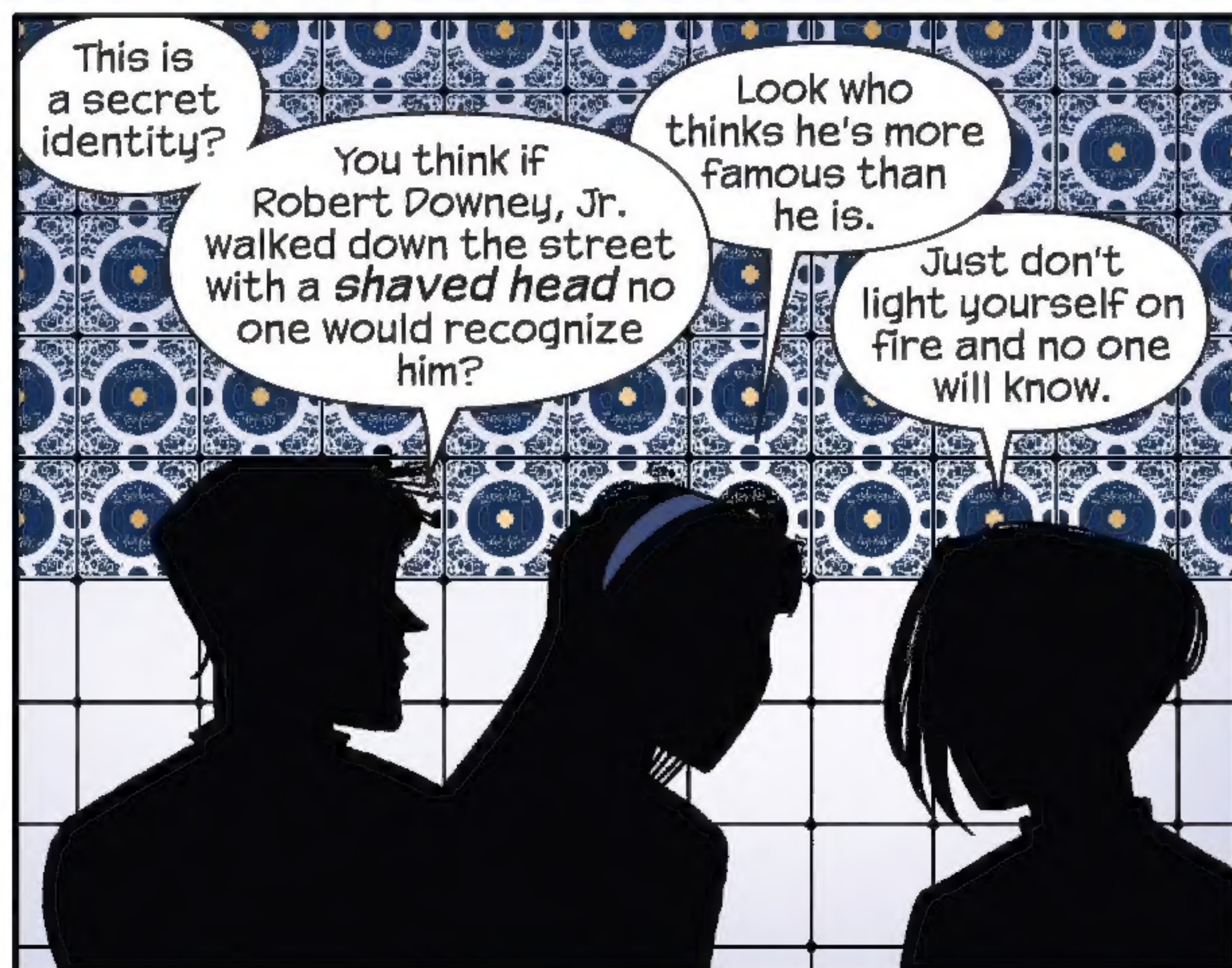
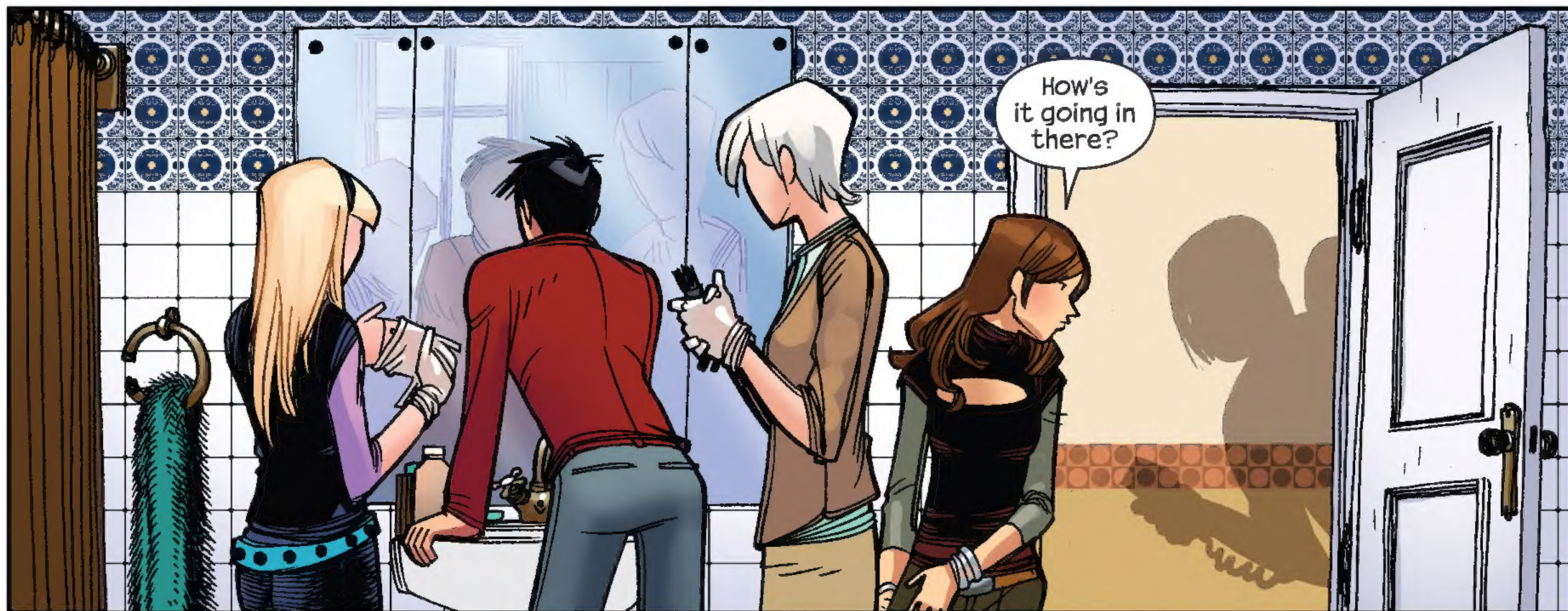
So *this* is my life now. I went from only child, orphaned super hero living with his widowed aunt to living in a halfway house full of homeless teen super heroes...with a girlfriend I'm still not sure how I started dating. How are we dating?? How did that happen? Thing is, I like Gwen Stacy. I like her a whole lot. And she's cute and cool and hilarious and maybe as smart as me (not to brag) and that is all awesome. But her living here has turned into a full-blown boyfriend/ girlfriend thing much faster than I was thinking it would. I think she might like me 'like that' more than I like her 'like that.' I can't tell. I honestly can't tell *how* much I like her. I don't think I've had two seconds to sit and think about it *either way*. She just kind of took charge of it. Of me. Of us. I do like her though, and it is incredibly convenient to have my girlfriend just... right there. But I haven't had a girlfriend day off between MJ, Kitty, and MJ again. I didn't even get to go find the Black Cat and see if she'd still make out with me. (I wonder if she's even still alive.) Haven't heard a peep out of her. I think what's bothering me the most is: am I living a life or is life just happening to me?

Like Johnny Storm here. I like Johnny. Johnny is a cool guy. A fun guy. A good friend. Great super hero. But do I want to *live* with him? Will he start annoying the crap out of me? I mean, before this situation I'd see the guy once every couple of weeks. Tops. It's one thing when he was with the Fantastic Four and I'd see him every once in a while. But this--this--and Bobby Drake, the Iceman, I don't even *know* the guy. I'm friends with him because *he's* friends with Kitty Pryde. And *I'm* not even sure I'm still friends with Kitty. She's just around now. I think she's still sore we broke up. But I *do* feel *bad* for him. His family kicked him out for being a mutant. That sucks. I can't even imagine. But the couple of times we've hung out he's kind of been--well, *annoying* is too strong of a word--but--hey, I don't even know him. Who knows? Maybe we'll end up being *best friends*...

I just don't know how any of this is going to work. How can we even afford to have all these people in our house? How is Aunt May going to *handle* all of this? Uh, why is Gwen standing up? Why does she have that look on her face?





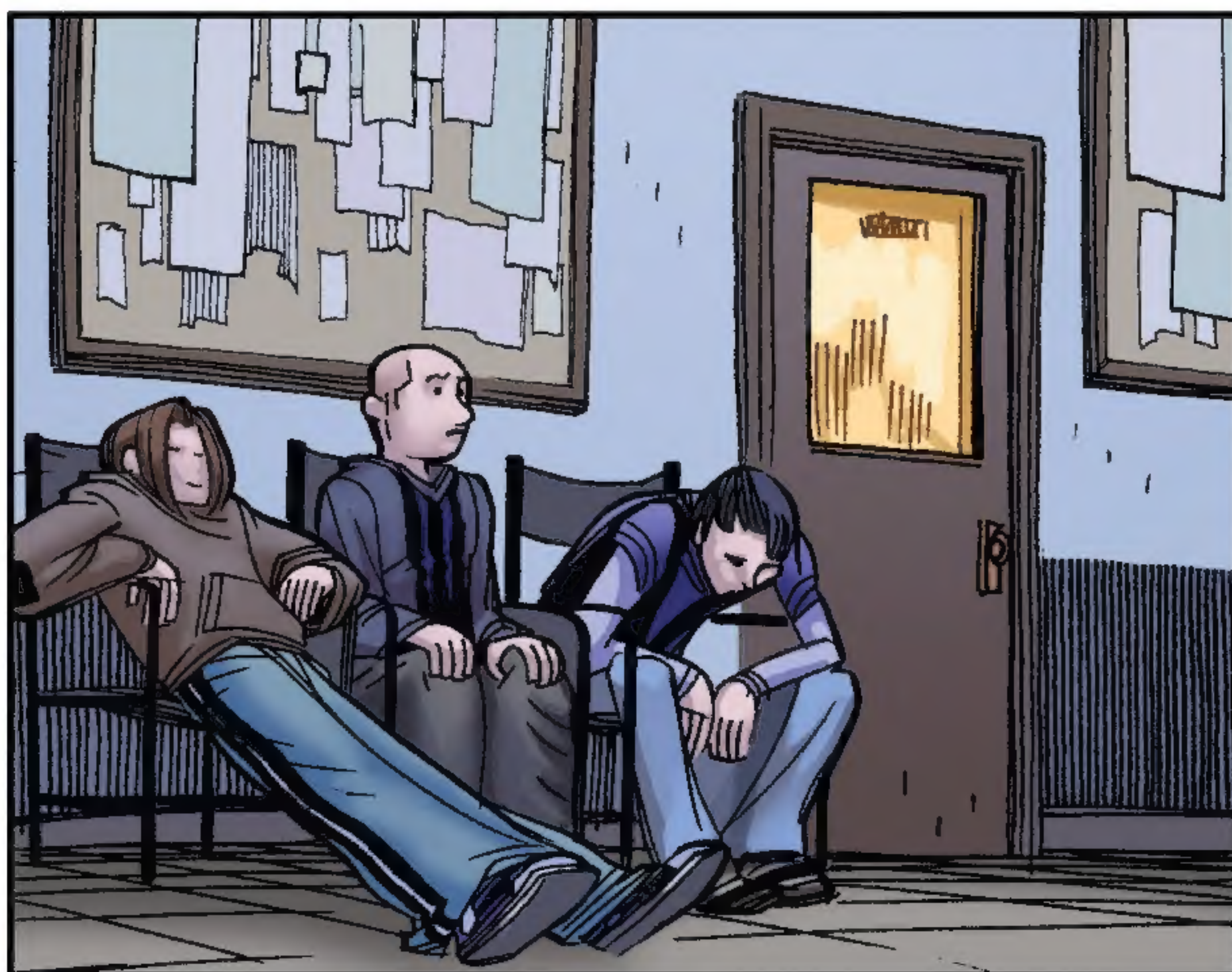




Peter's cousins?

Yes.

His cousins.



Bobby Parker and Johnny Parker.

Yes.

And they want to come to school here.

They *have* to.

Have to.

I'm their guardian now.



And they have no transcripts.

No.

No identification.

It was all lost in the New York flood.

Uh huh.

But we're working on getting them... reestablished.

Uh huh.



Mrs. Parker, when last we met, you and I had words.

Yes.

I accused you and your nephew--I accused him of being Spider-Man.

Yes.

I called the police on you.

Yes.



I appreciate your--I appreciate your ability to look *past* it.

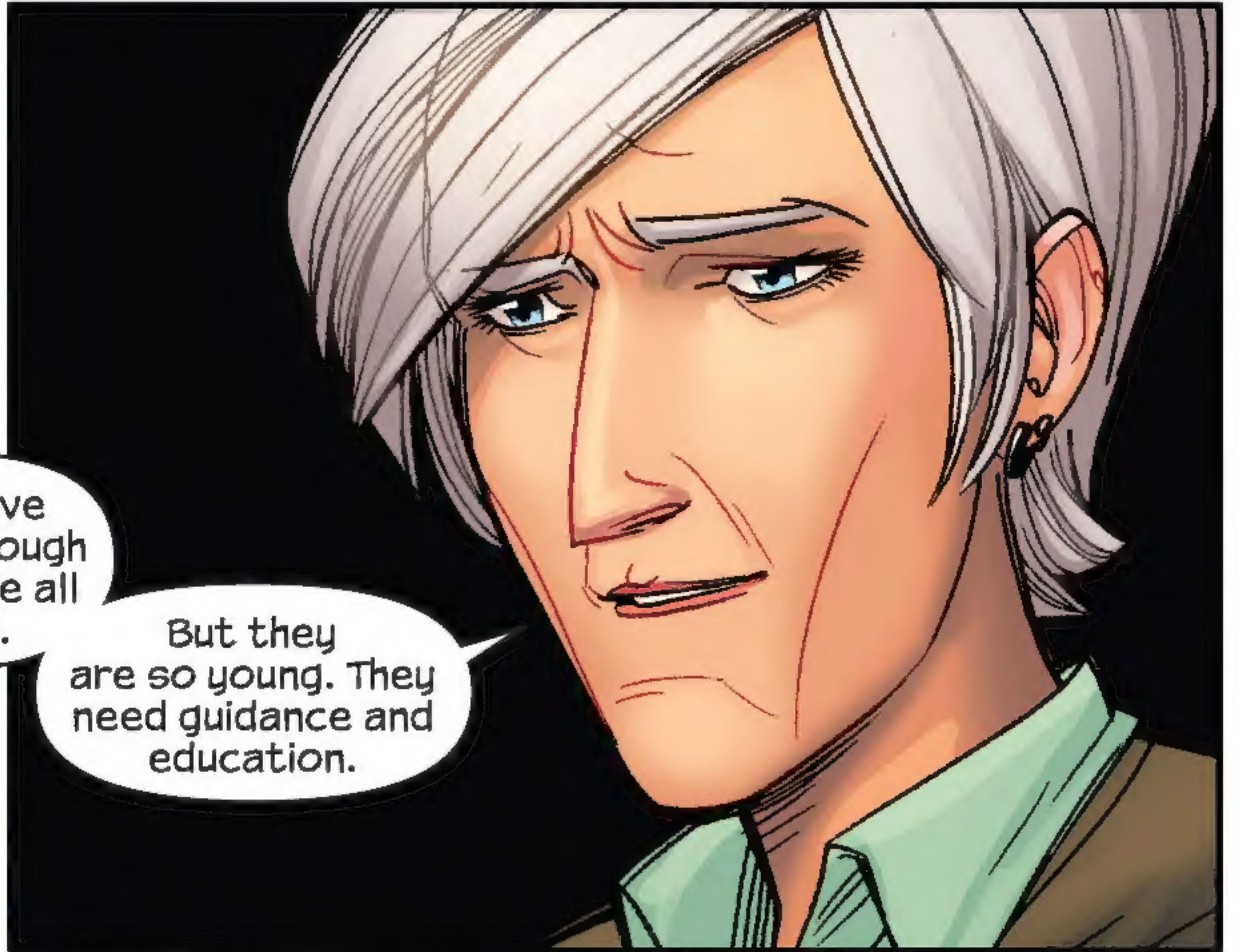
Well...my boys need to go to school. And you are the school.



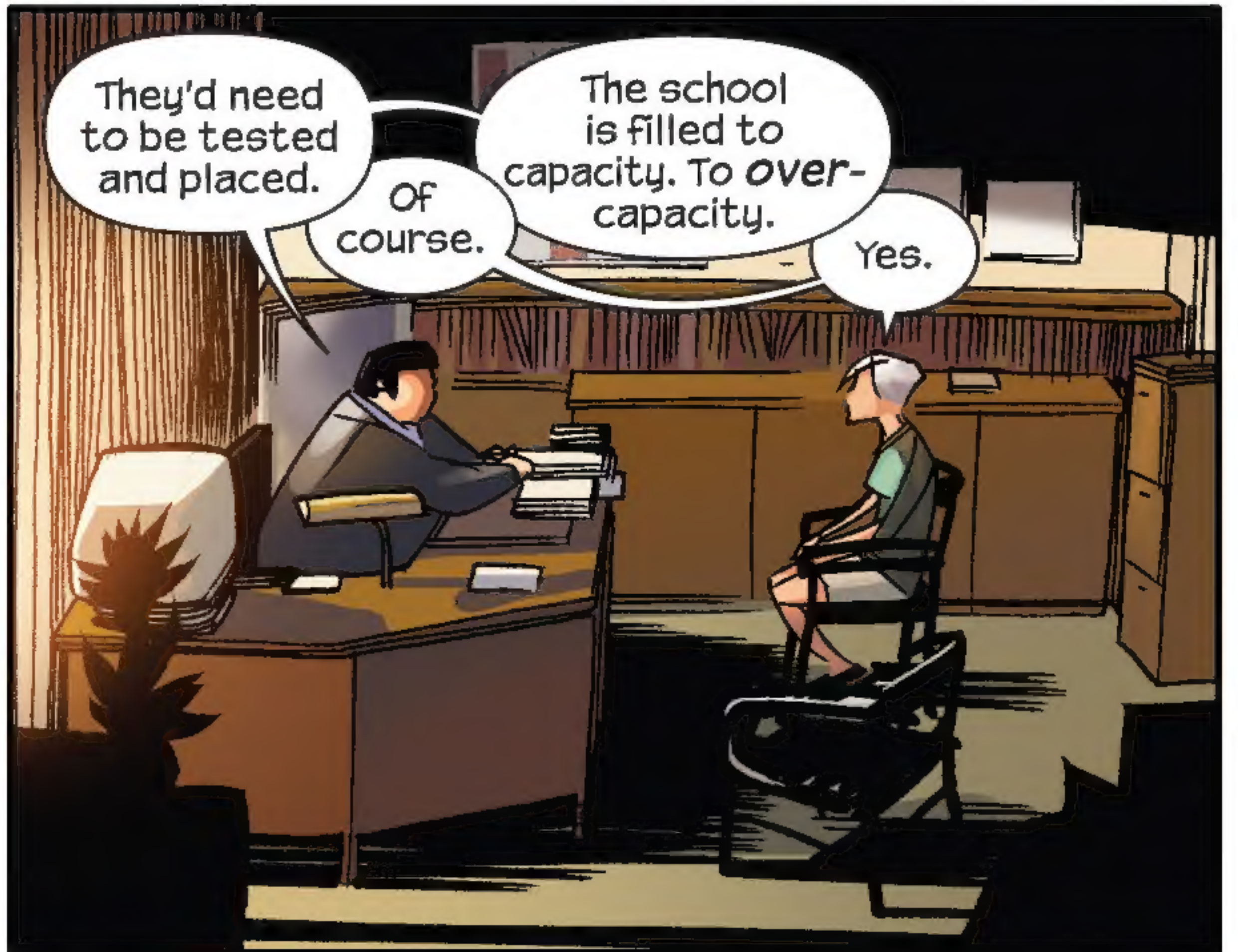
These boys--

Are good boys.

Who have been through a lot. Like all of us.



But they are so young. They need guidance and education.



They'd need to be tested and placed.

Of course.

The school is filled to capacity. To *over*-capacity.

Yes.

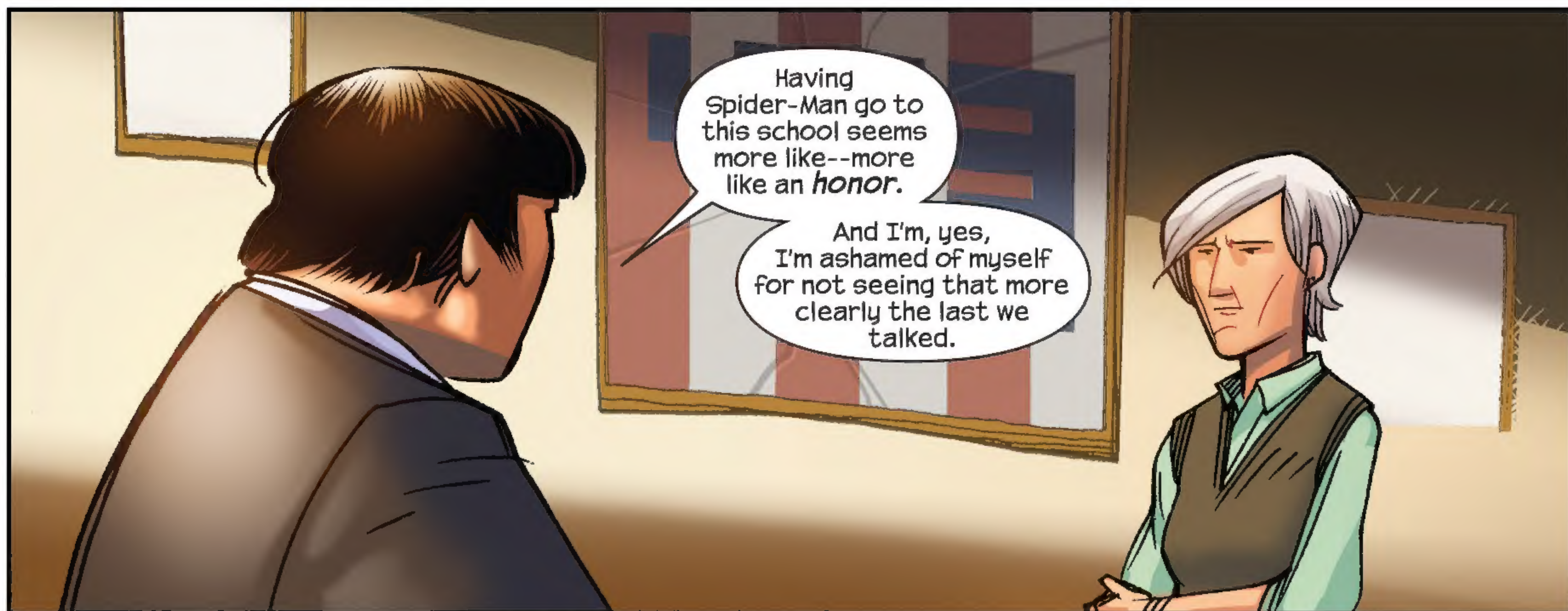


Okay, Mrs. Parker, I'll just come right out and say it.

I don't know if your nephew Peter is Spider-Man or not.

And I don't *want* to know.

But I, like most of the world, feel very differently about such things now.



Midtown High School.
Next Morning.

No.
Way.



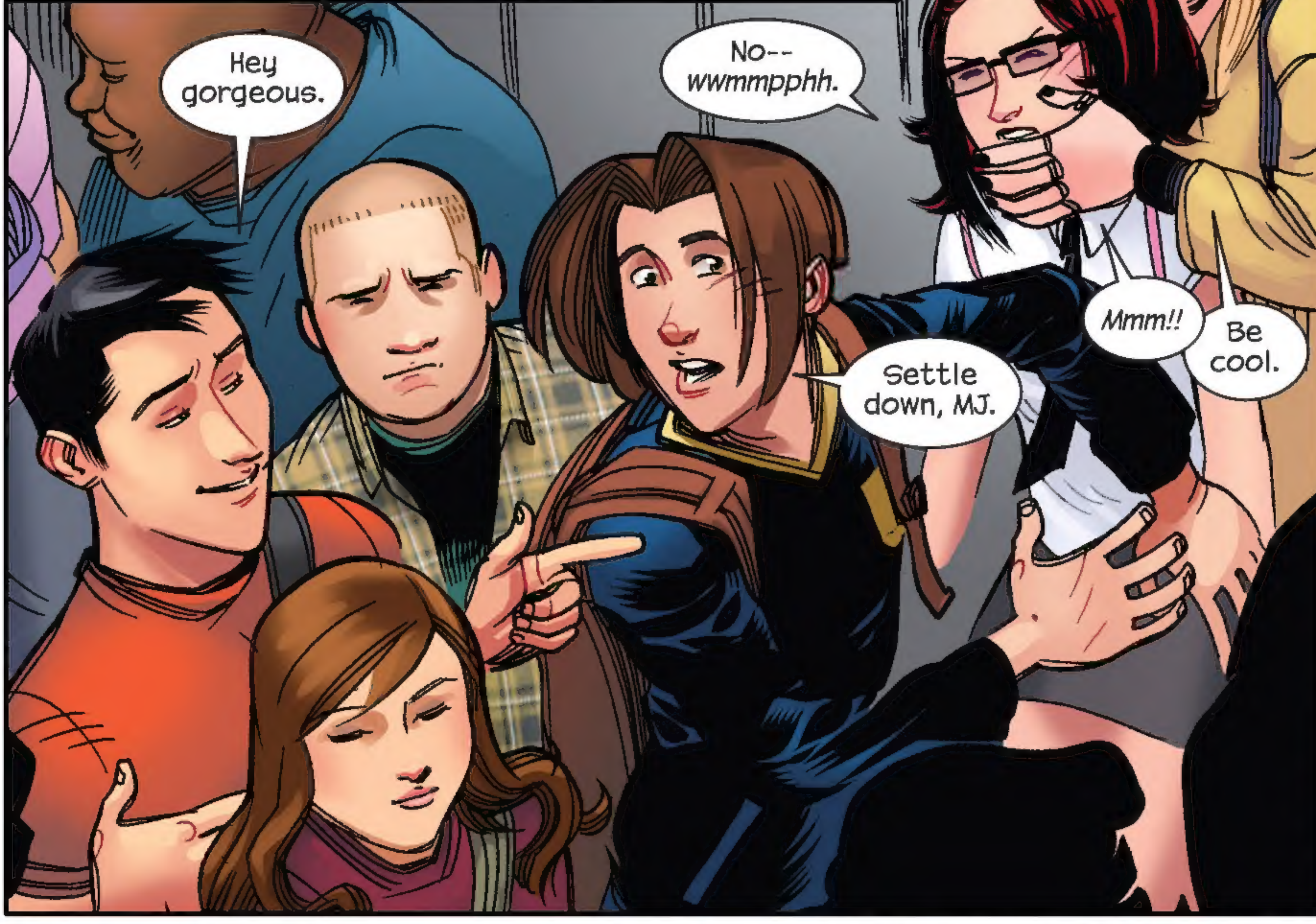
Hey gorgeous.

No--
wwwmpphh.

Settle
down, MJ.

Mmm!!

Be cool.

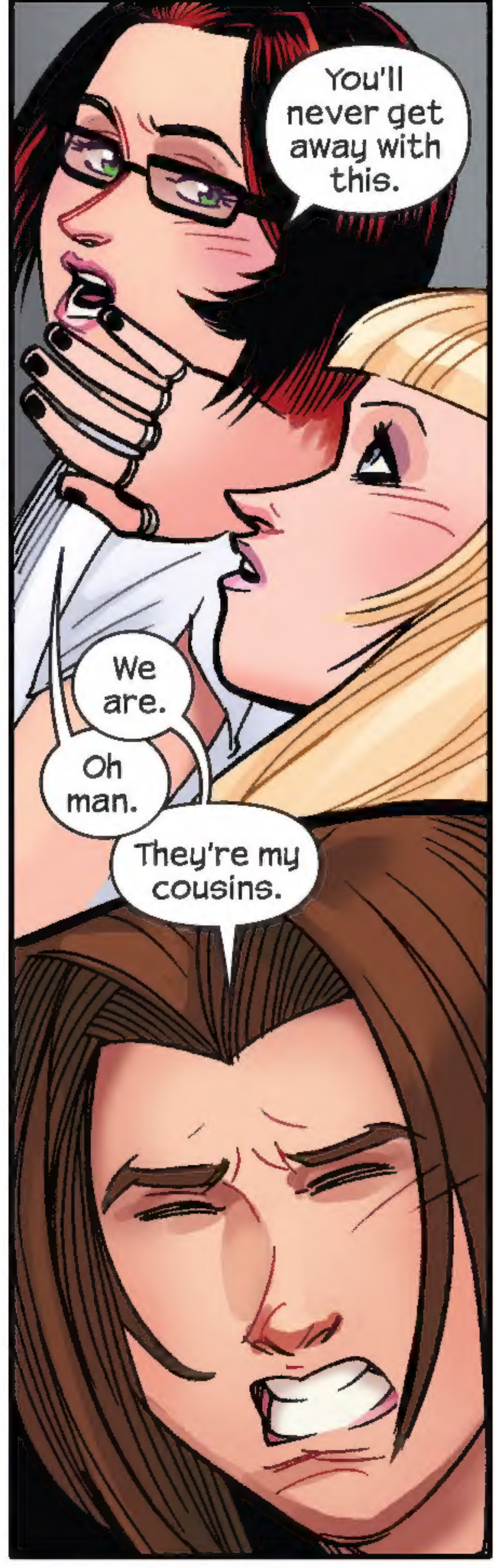


You'll
never get
away with
this.

We
are.

Oh
man.

They're my
cousins.

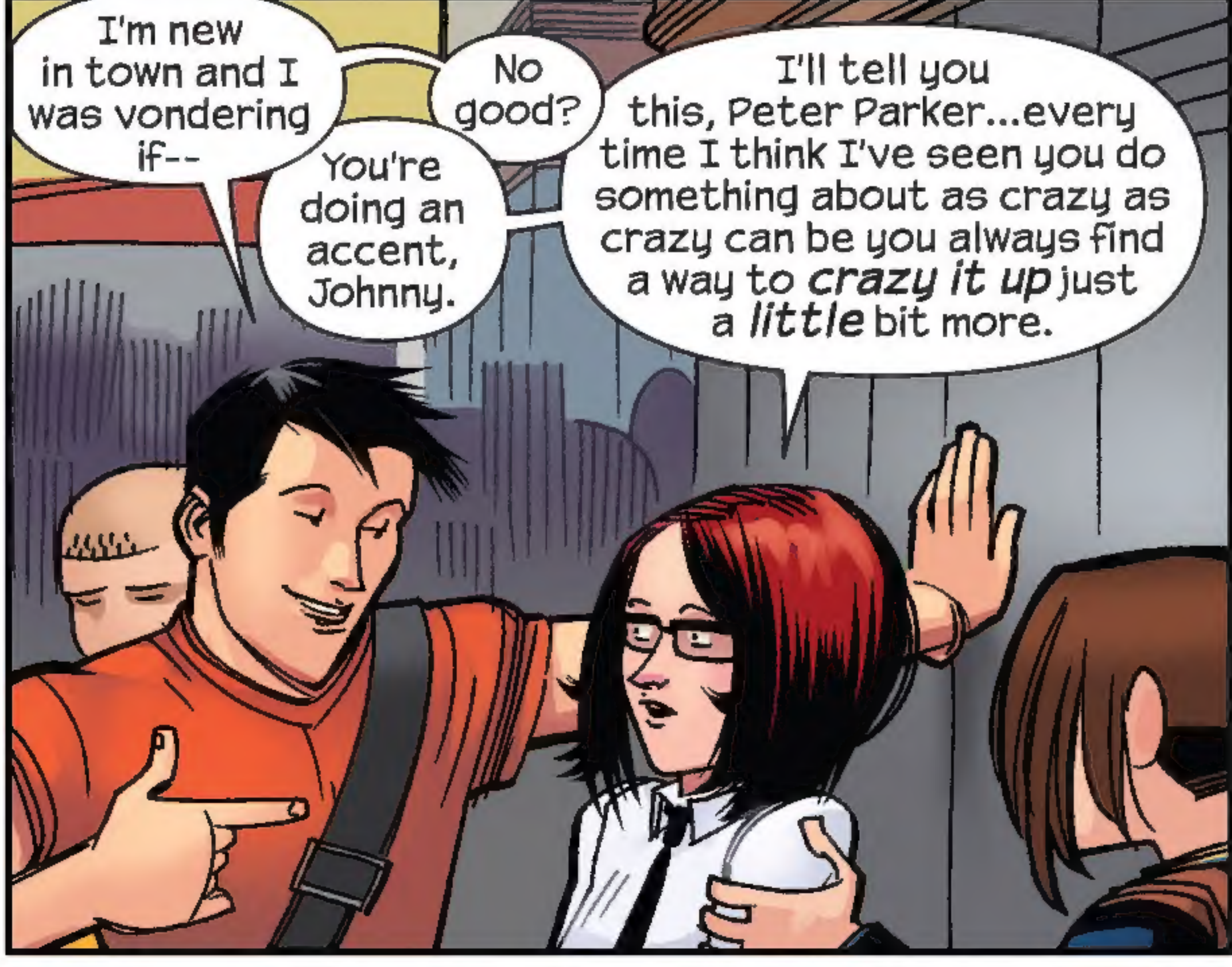


I'm new
in town and I
was vondering
if--

You're
doing an
accent,
Johnny.

No
good?

I'll tell you
this, Peter Parker...every
time I think I've seen you do
something about as crazy as
crazy can be you always find
a way to *crazy it up* just
a *little* bit more.



This goes
deep in the
vault.

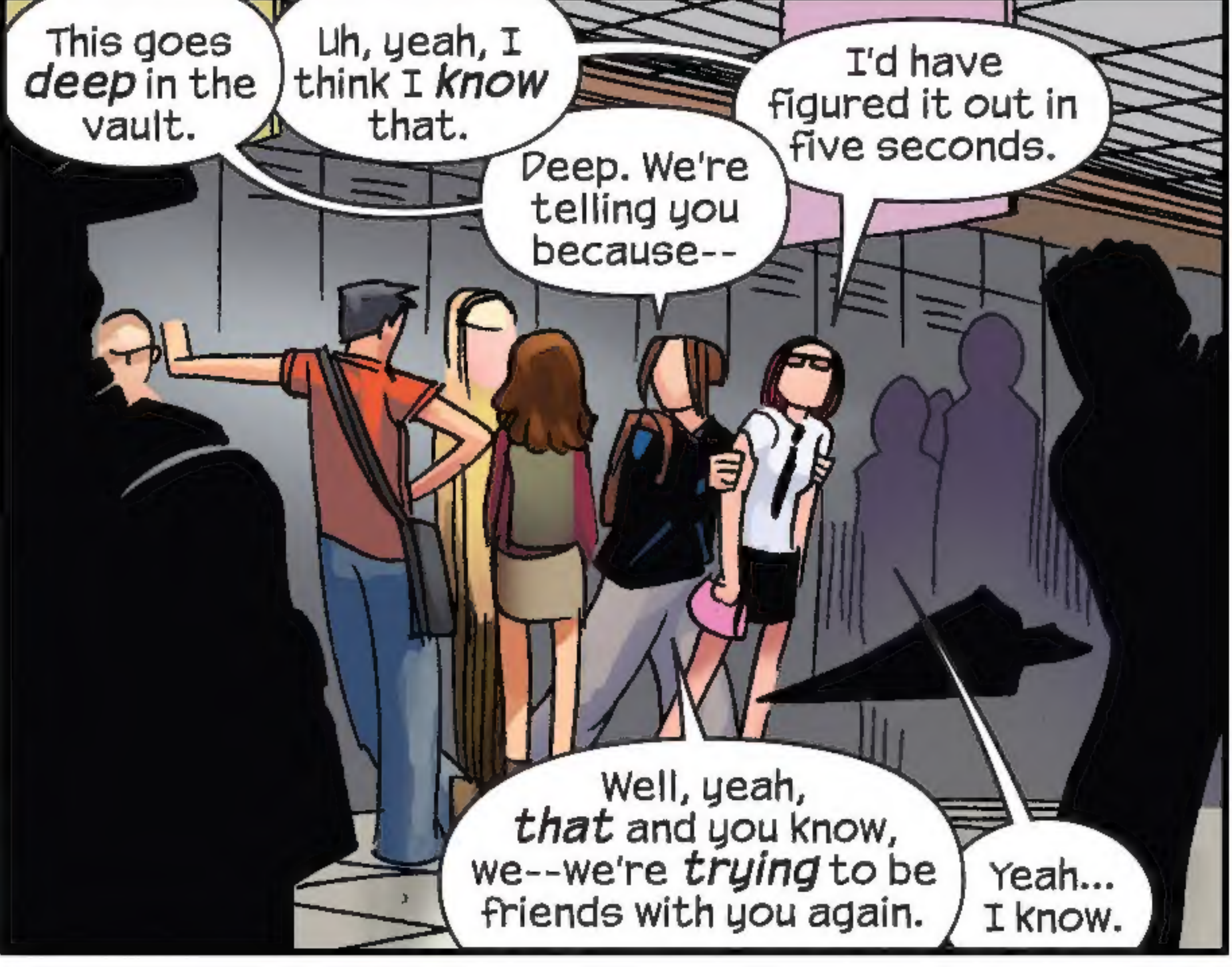
Uh, yeah, I
think I *know*
that.

Deep. We're
telling you
because--

I'd have
figured it out in
five seconds.

Well, yeah,
that and you know,
we--we're *trying* to be
friends with you again.

Yeah...
I know.



Okay.

Okay.

Okay.
Good.

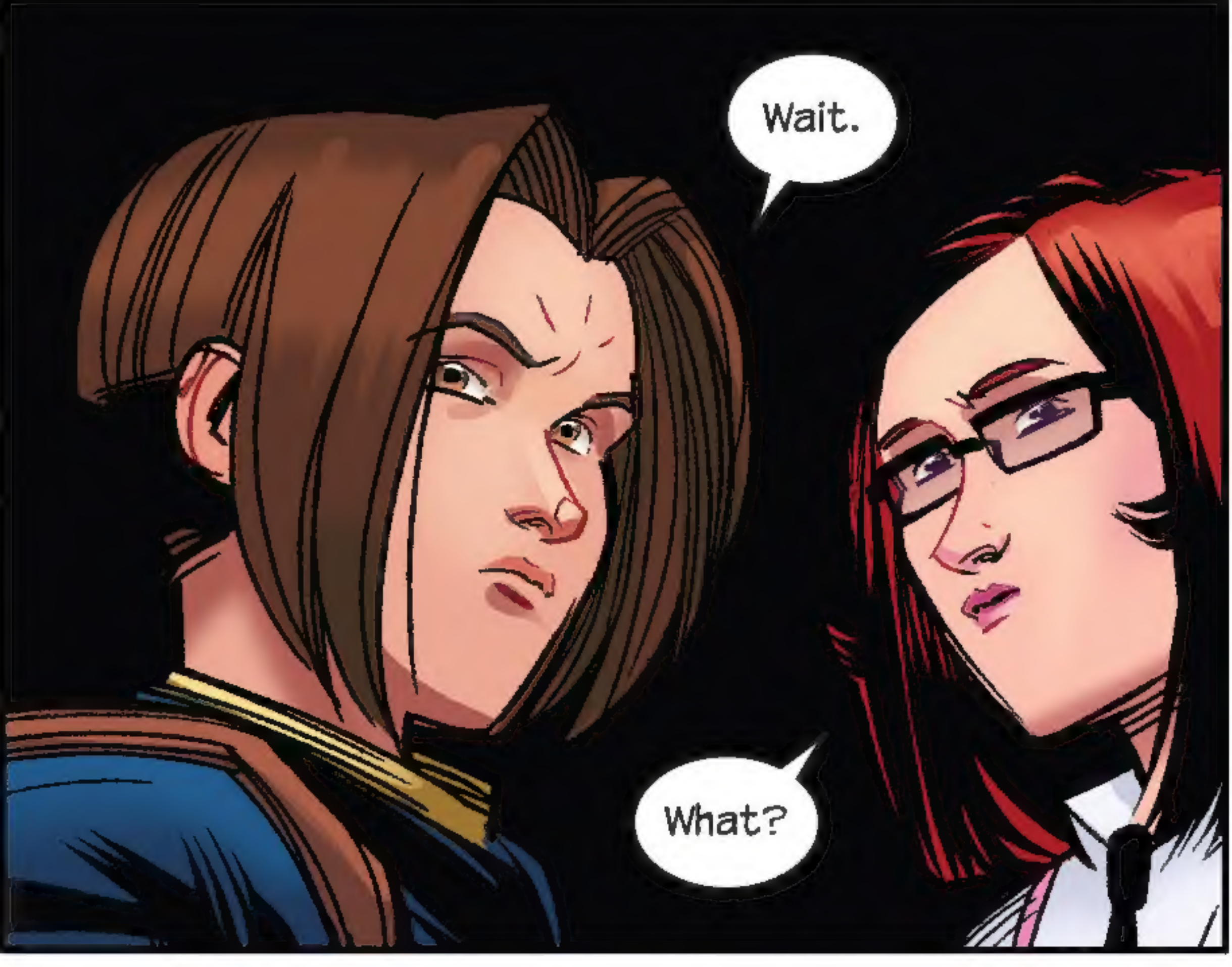
You should
come over
for dinner.

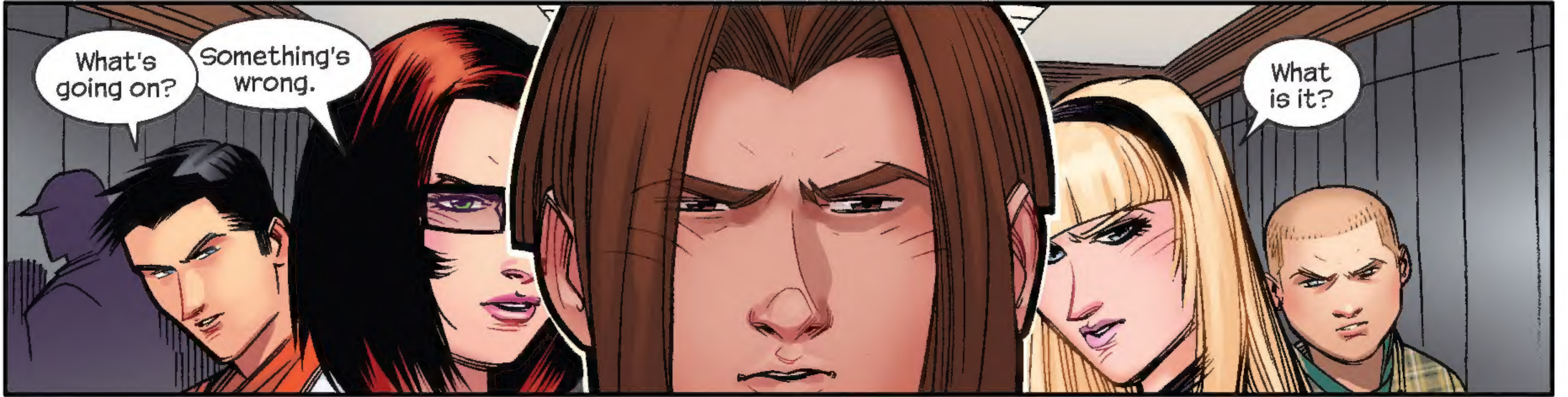
Oh,
I don't
know...

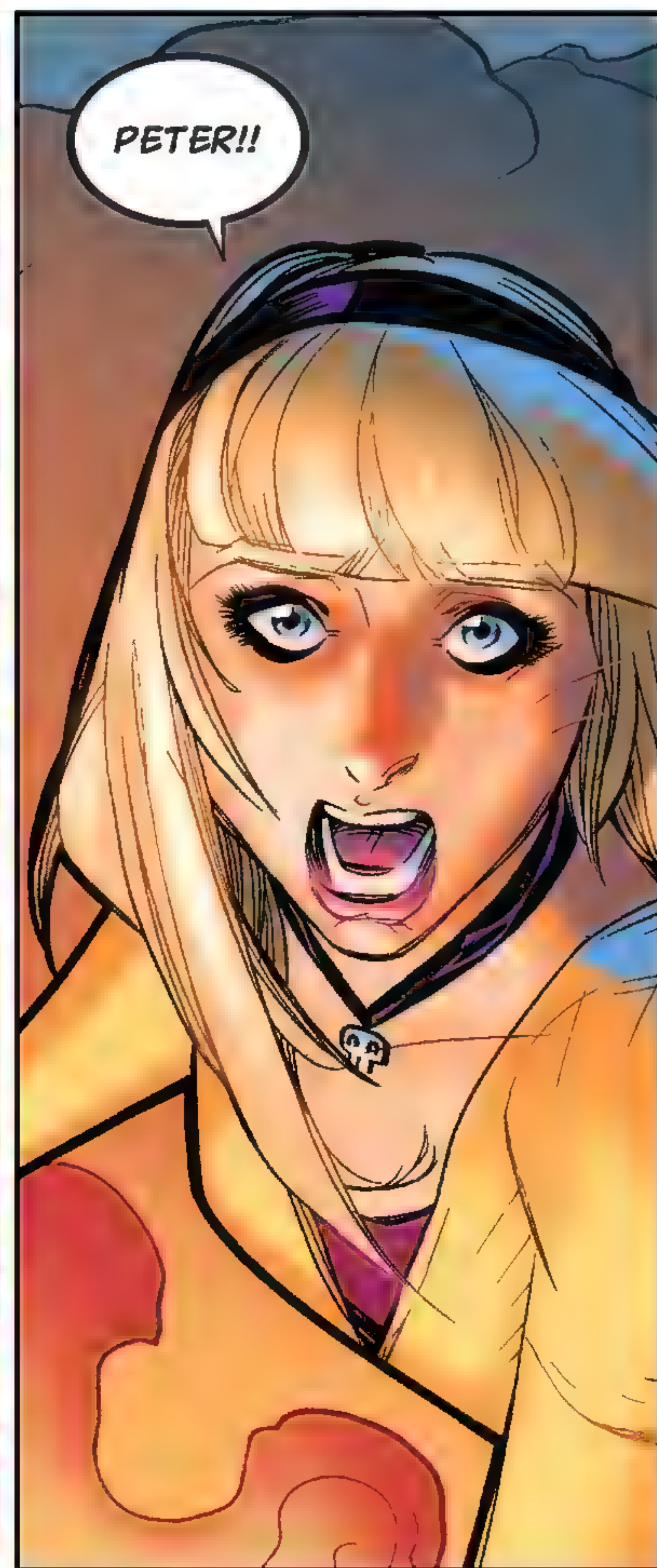
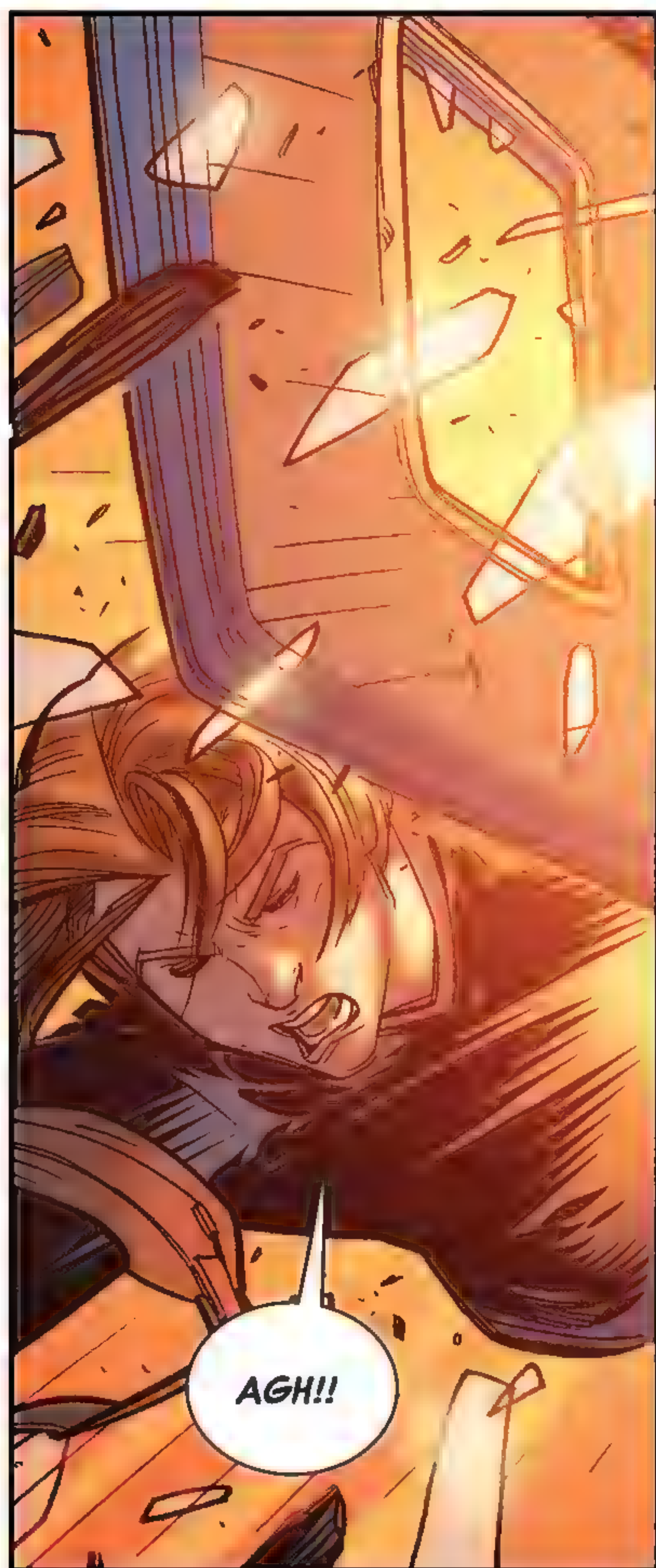


Wait.

What?









Uh-oh.



Okay,
everyone,
recess!!



Flame-!!

NO!

No??

Get out of
here!! You all get
out of here.

Bull-
caca!!



What did Aunt
May say? **LOW**
profile!!

Yeah, but she
didn't know this
was going to
happen!!

Oh my
God!!

Everyone
out!!

Go!!
go!!



GO GO!!

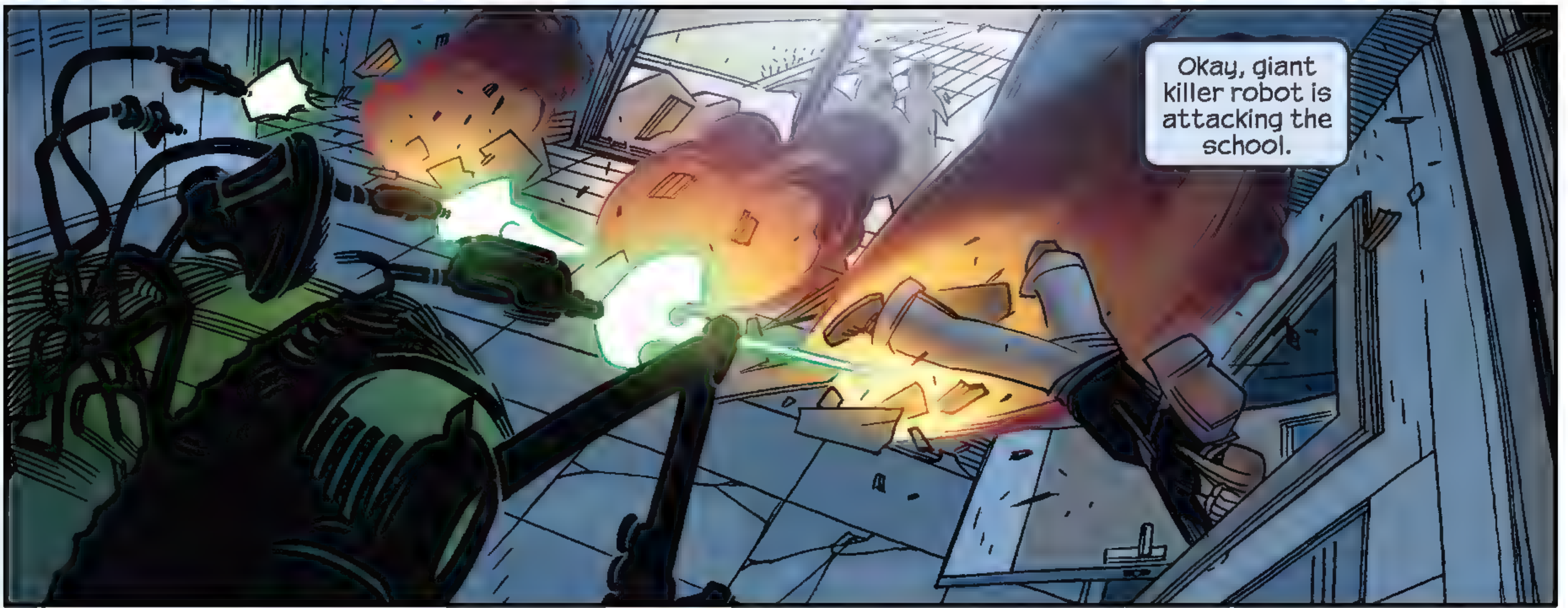
I can
do this!!

So
can I!!

Listen
to him.

Aaggh!!

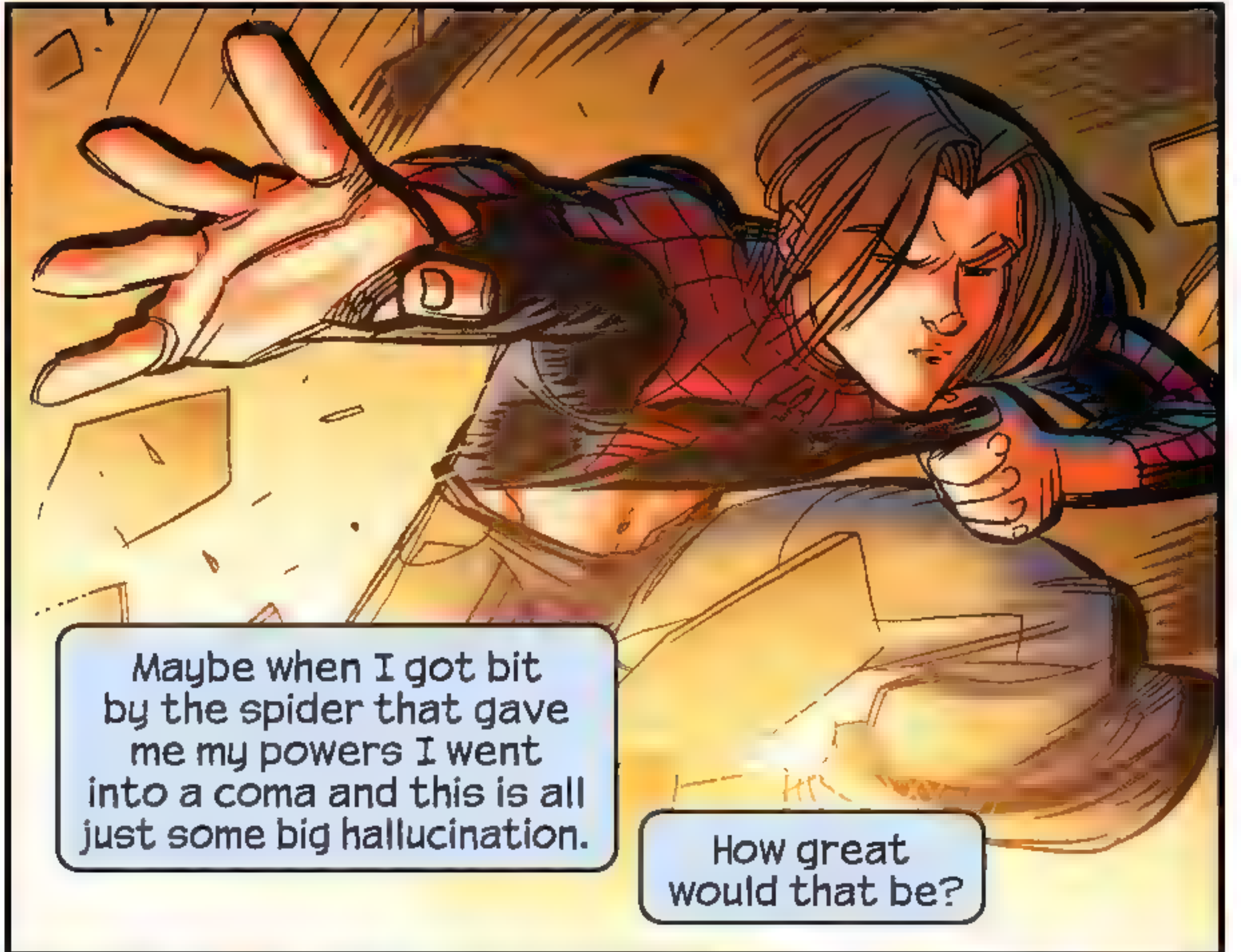




Okay, giant killer robot is attacking the school.

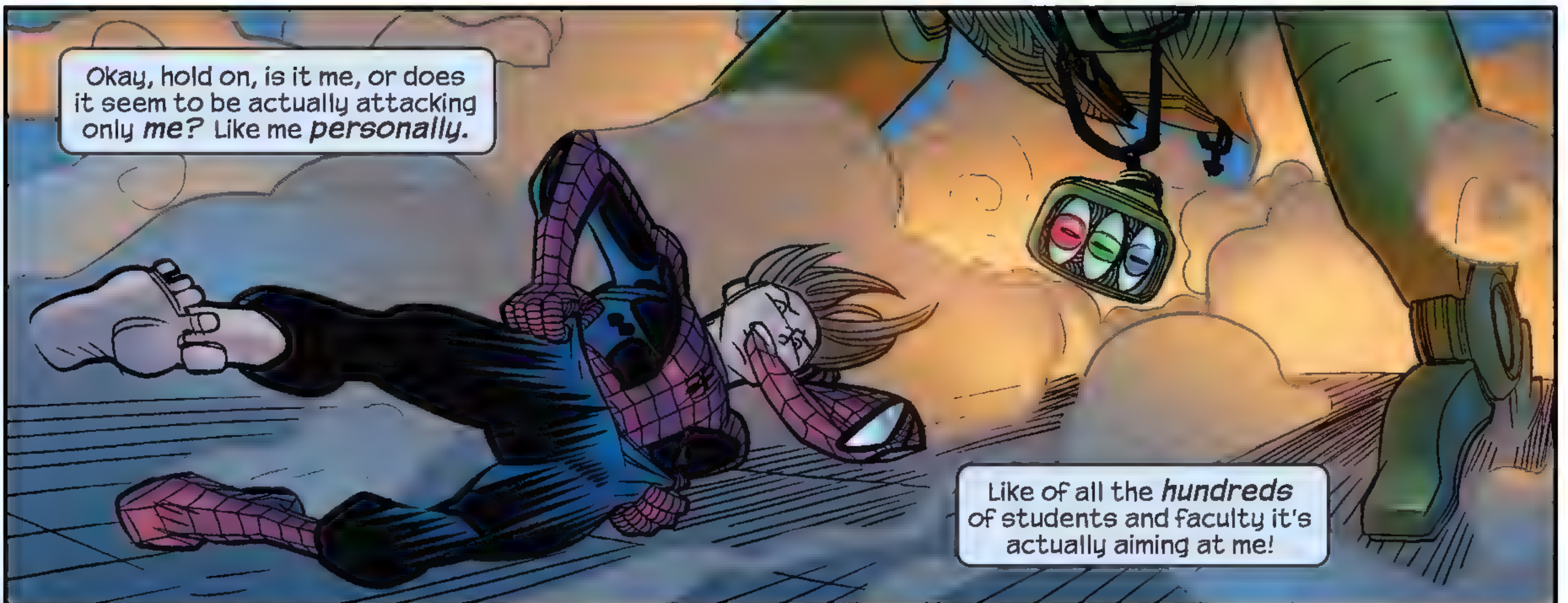


Any chance I'm dreaming all of this?



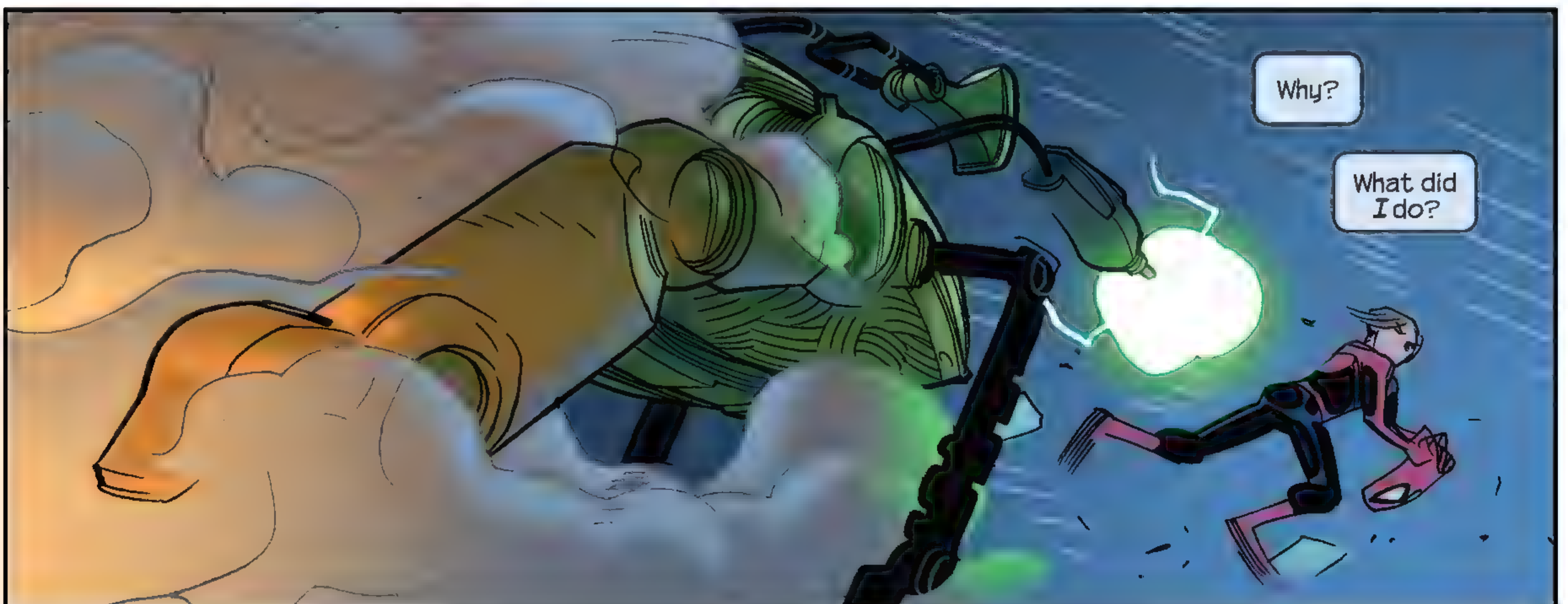
Maybe when I got bit by the spider that gave me my powers I went into a coma and this is all just some big hallucination.

How great would that be?



Okay, hold on, is it me, or does it seem to be actually attacking only *me*? Like me *personally*.

Like of all the *hundreds* of students and faculty it's actually aiming at me!



Why?

What did I do?



It's the costume.

I'm just too cute in this damn costume.



I'm going in!!

You absolutely are not!!

I can help. I can melt that--

Shut it!!

GO!!
Run home!!
Go!!

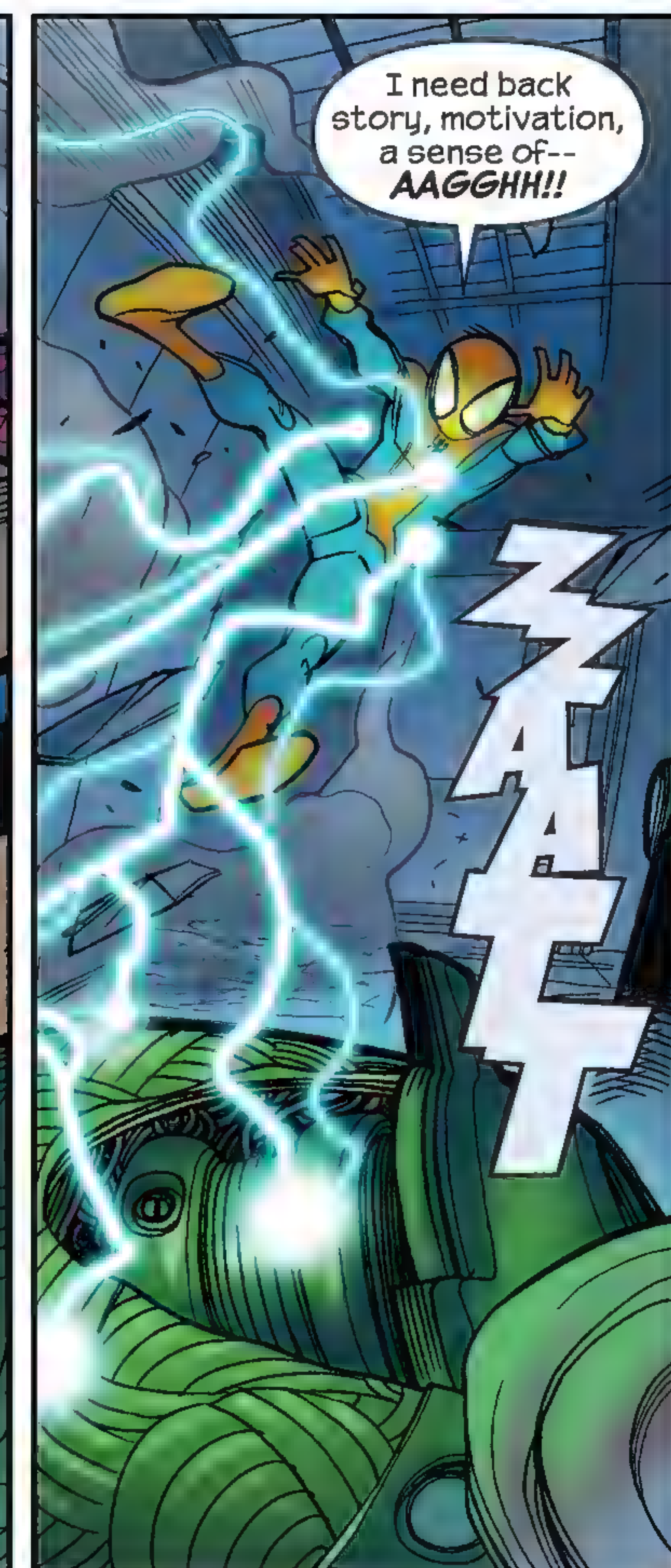


Okay, Robbie, (which I assume is every robot's name....)

You wouldn't happen to be one of those *talking* Spider-Man killer robots, would you?

That would be a huge help!!

And "crush kill destroy" does not constitute actual communication.



I need back story, motivation, a sense of--
AAGGHH!!



Uh, I didn't do this.

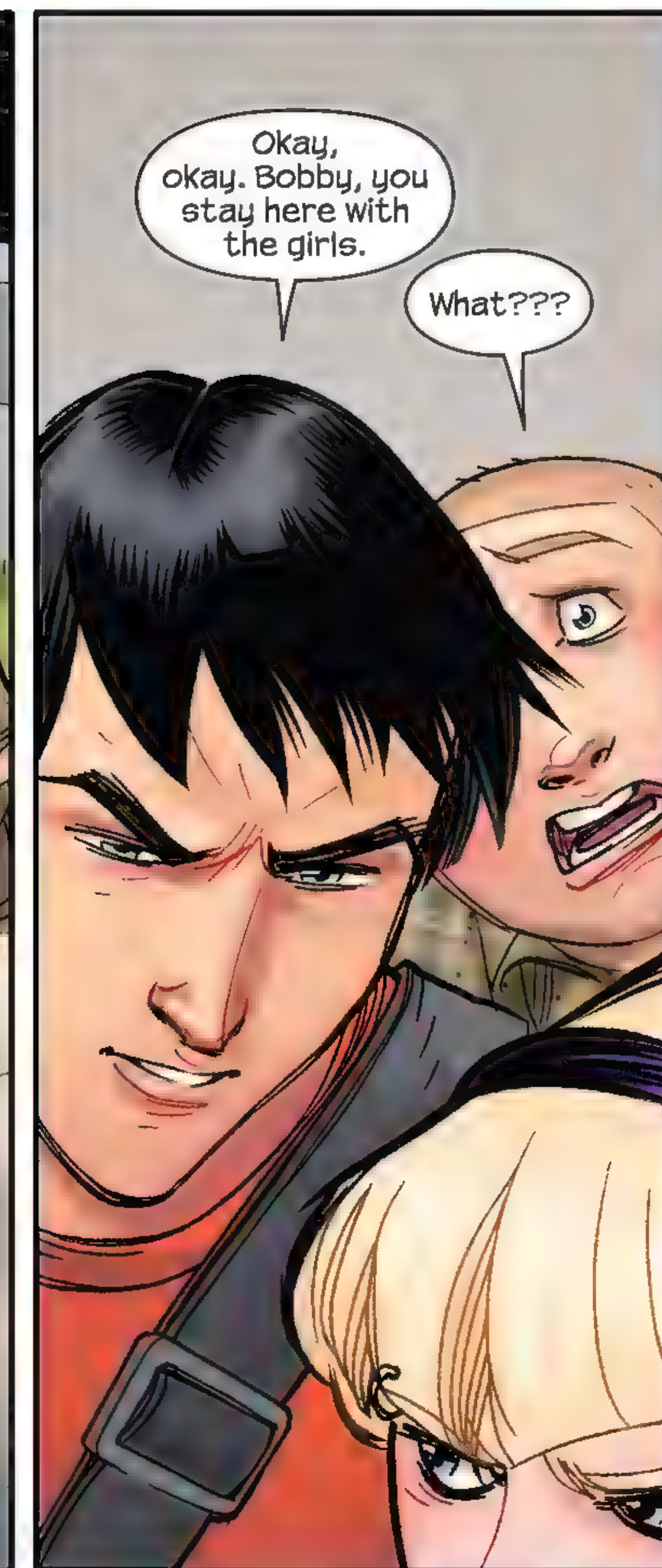


This is insane!!

He can do this.

So can I!!

Then you go run that way, flame on over there and come flying in like you happen to be flying by.



Okay, okay. Bobby, you stay here with the girls.

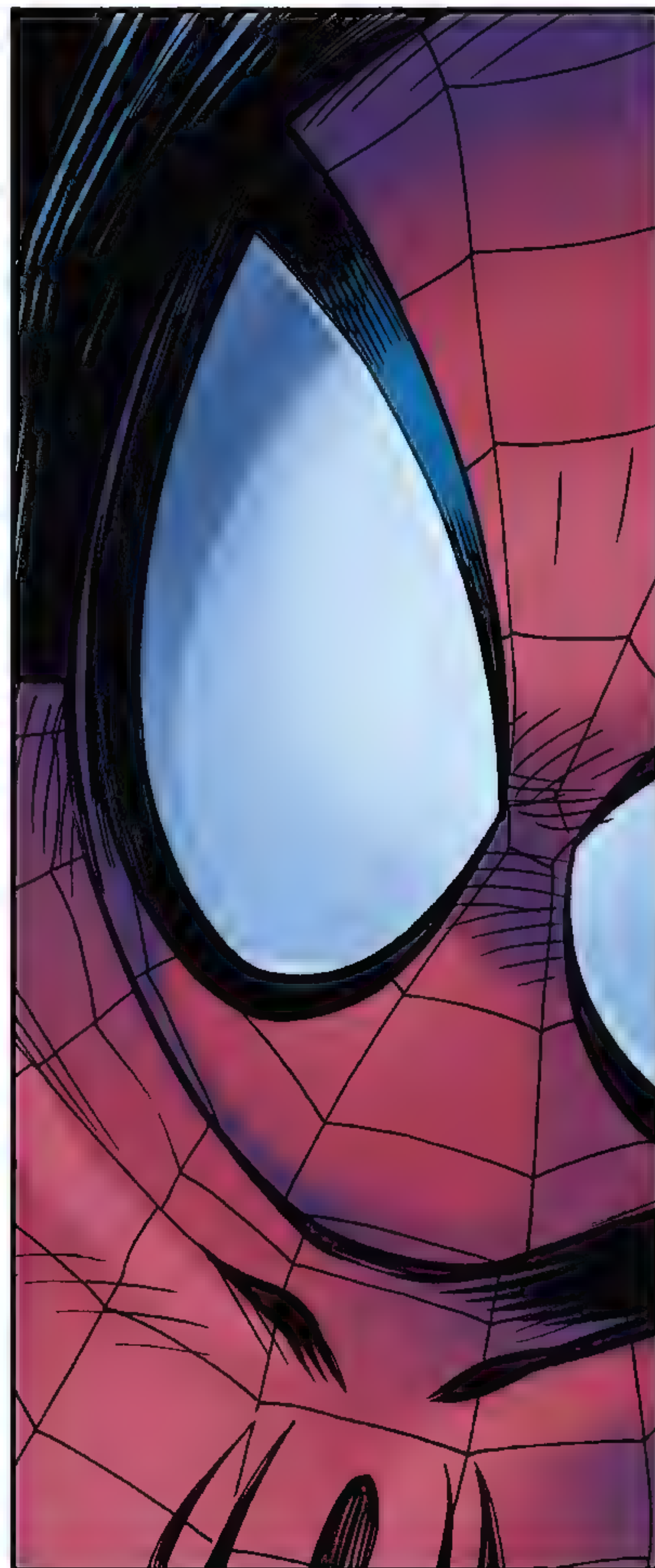
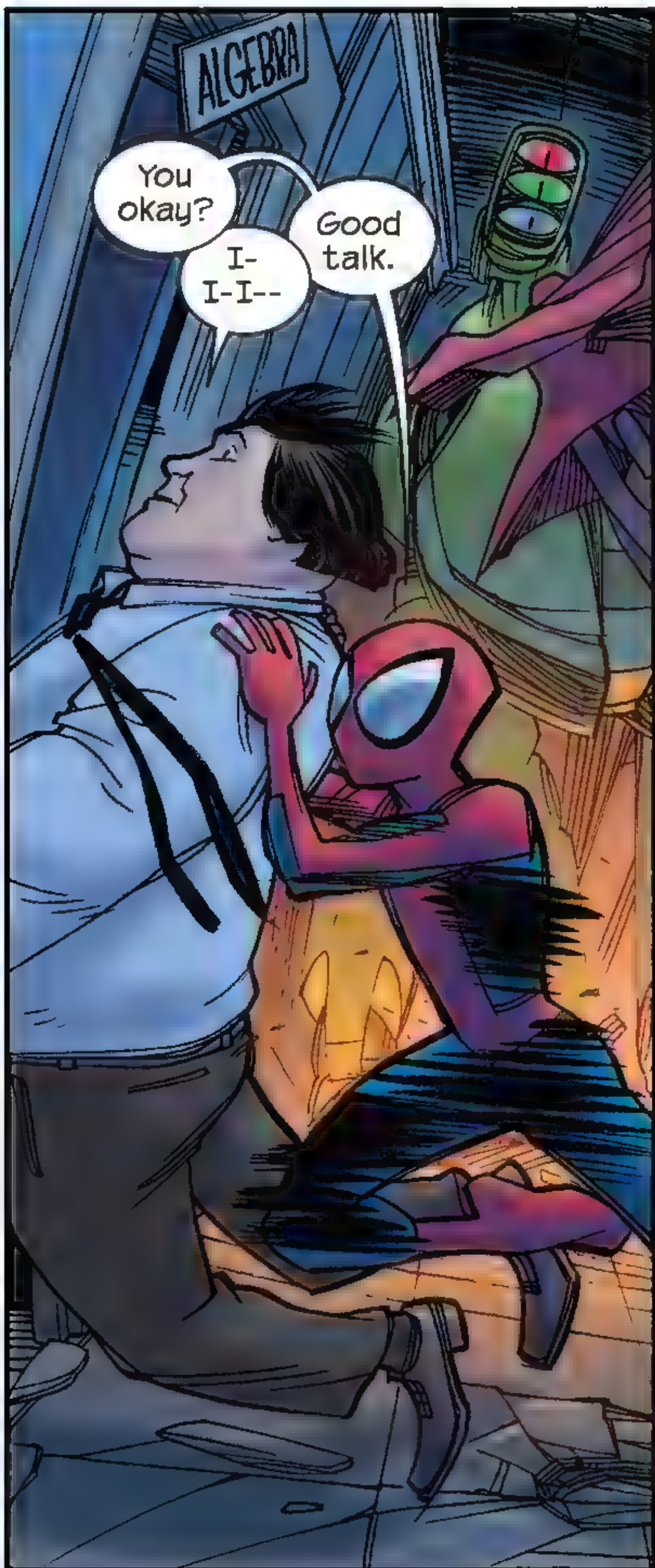
What???



Okay, seriously, I'm not one to judge, but you *have* to lay off the Sno-Caps.

AAAIEEE!!

And that is very girl-like screaming.





Coff



Okay, mystery person, *that* was impressive.

Thanks.
Coff

You okay?

Just need a minute.

So you *do* go to school here?



Oh man, I *knew* I was going to miss all the fun.

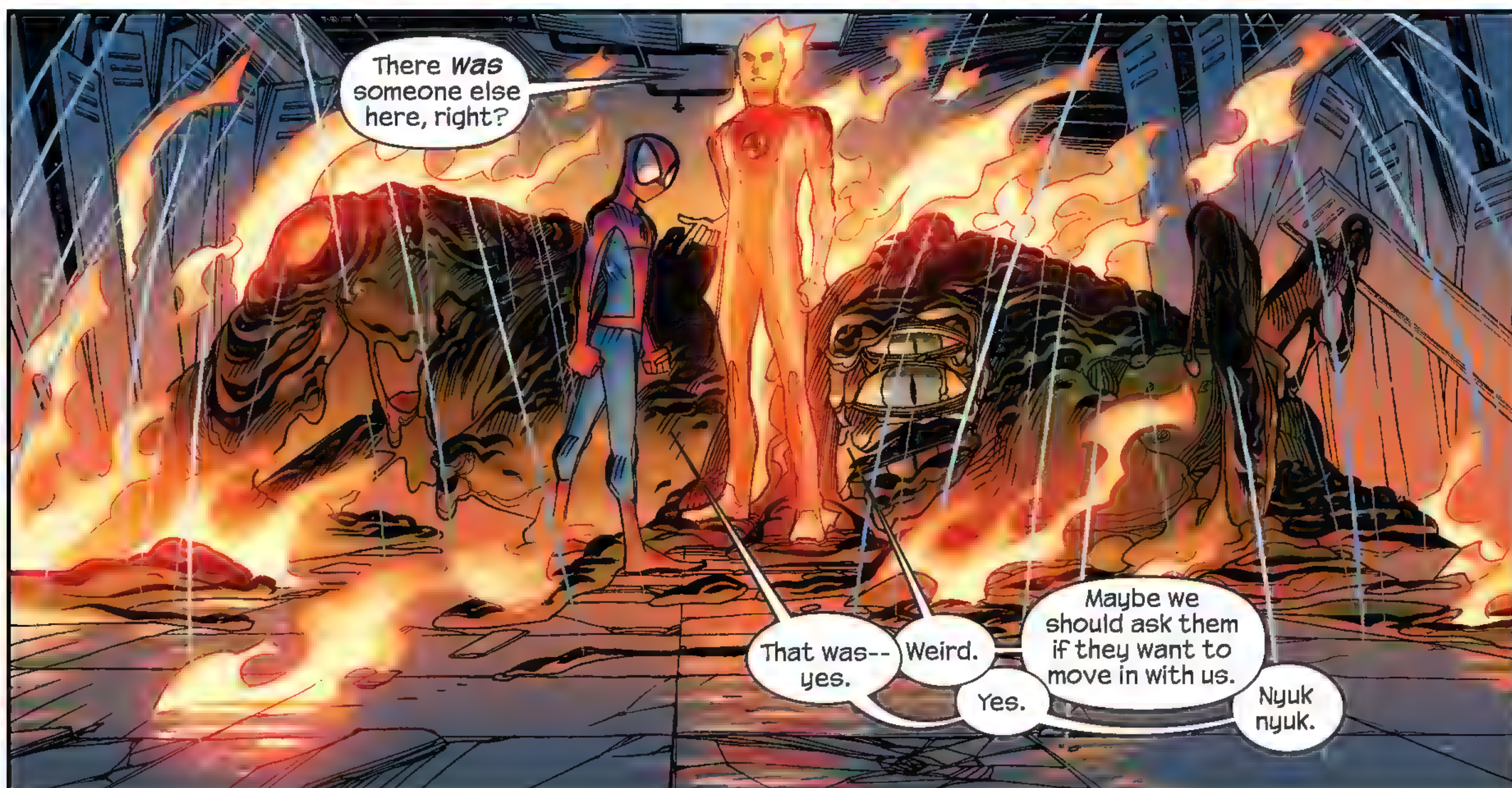
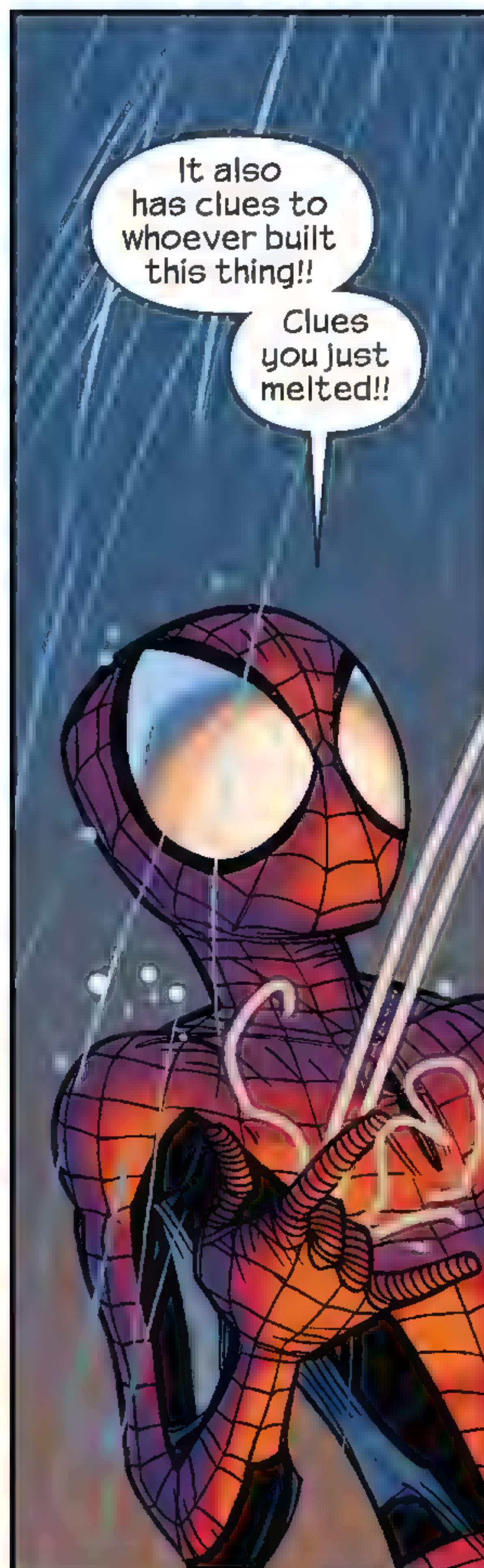
FWOOSH

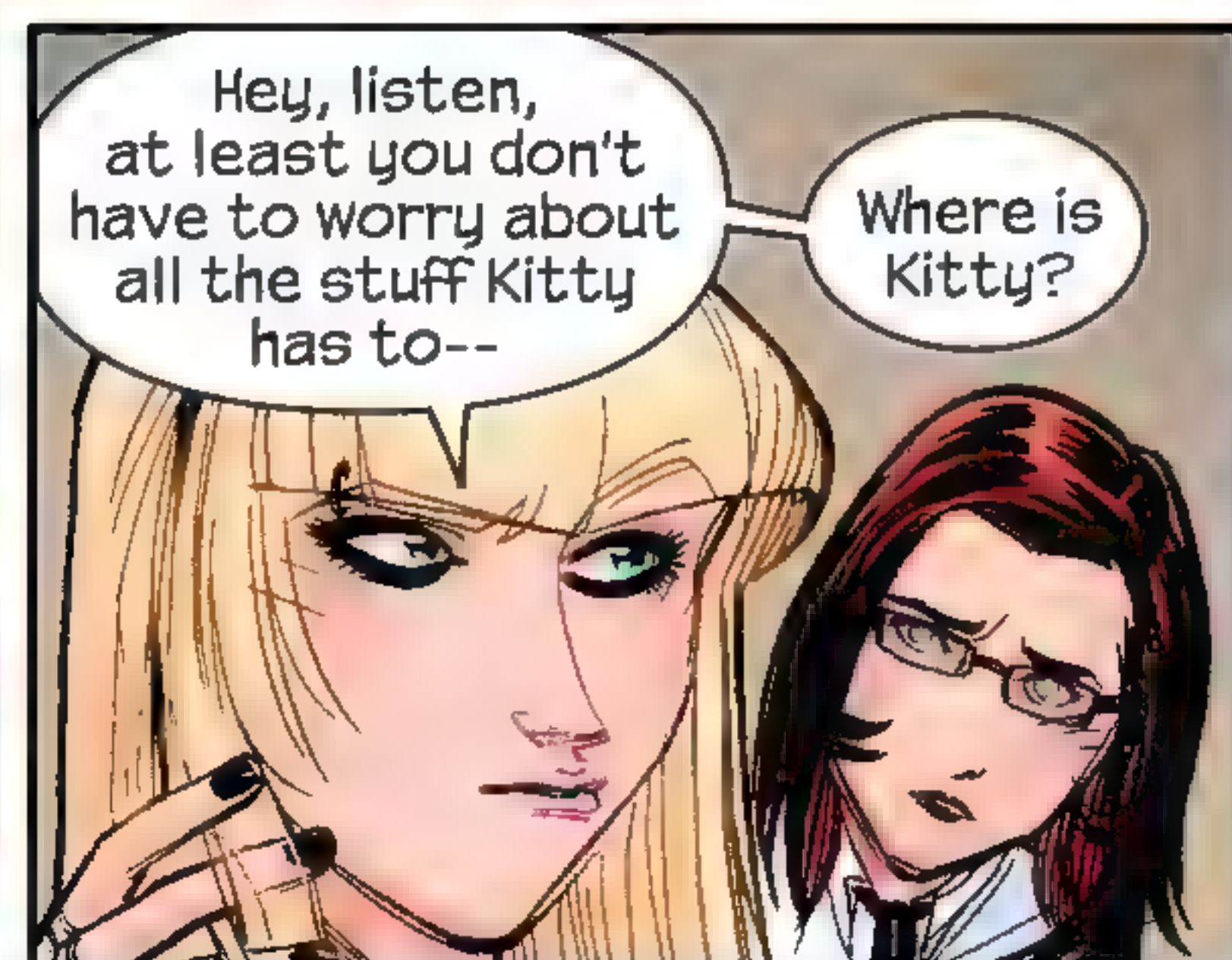
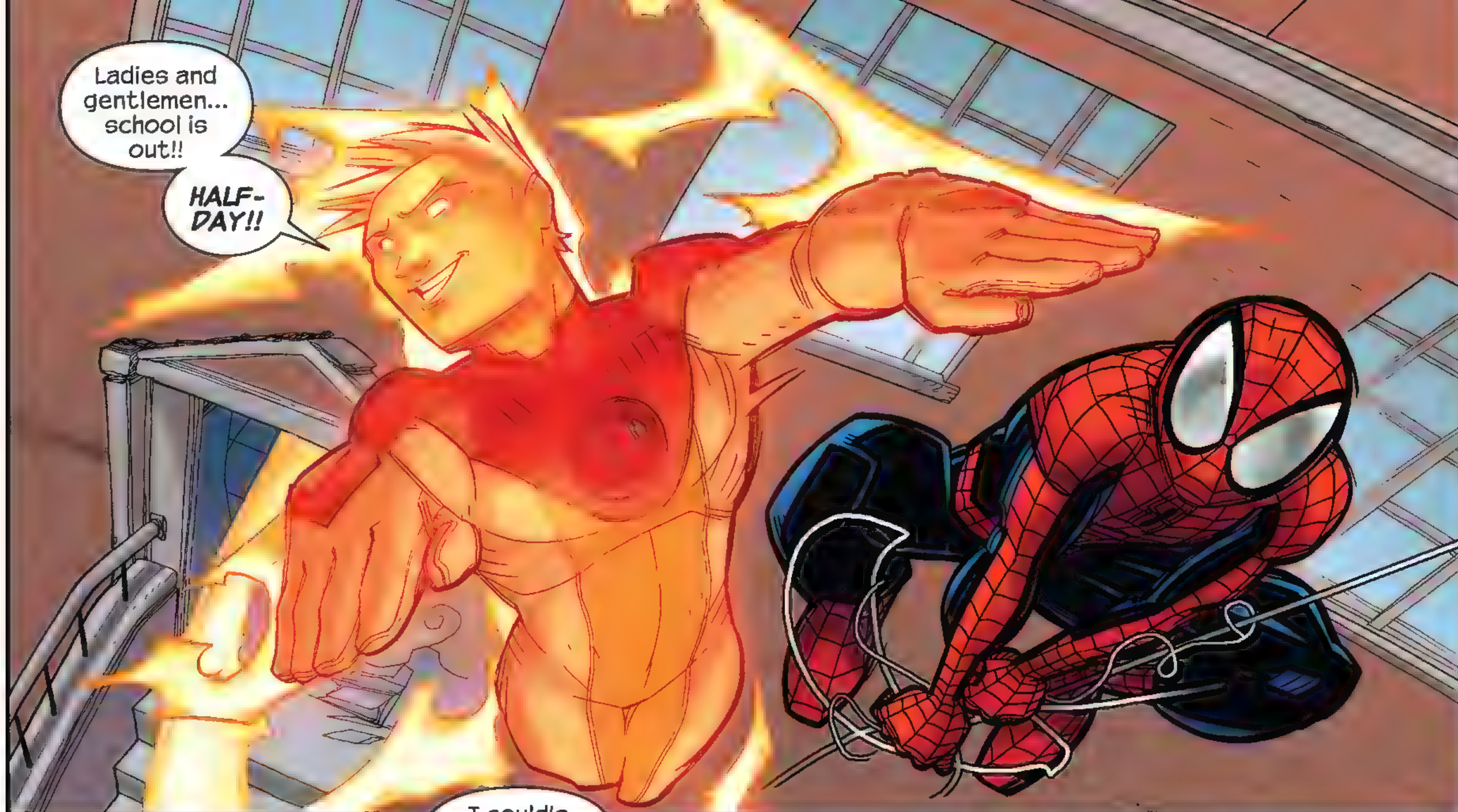


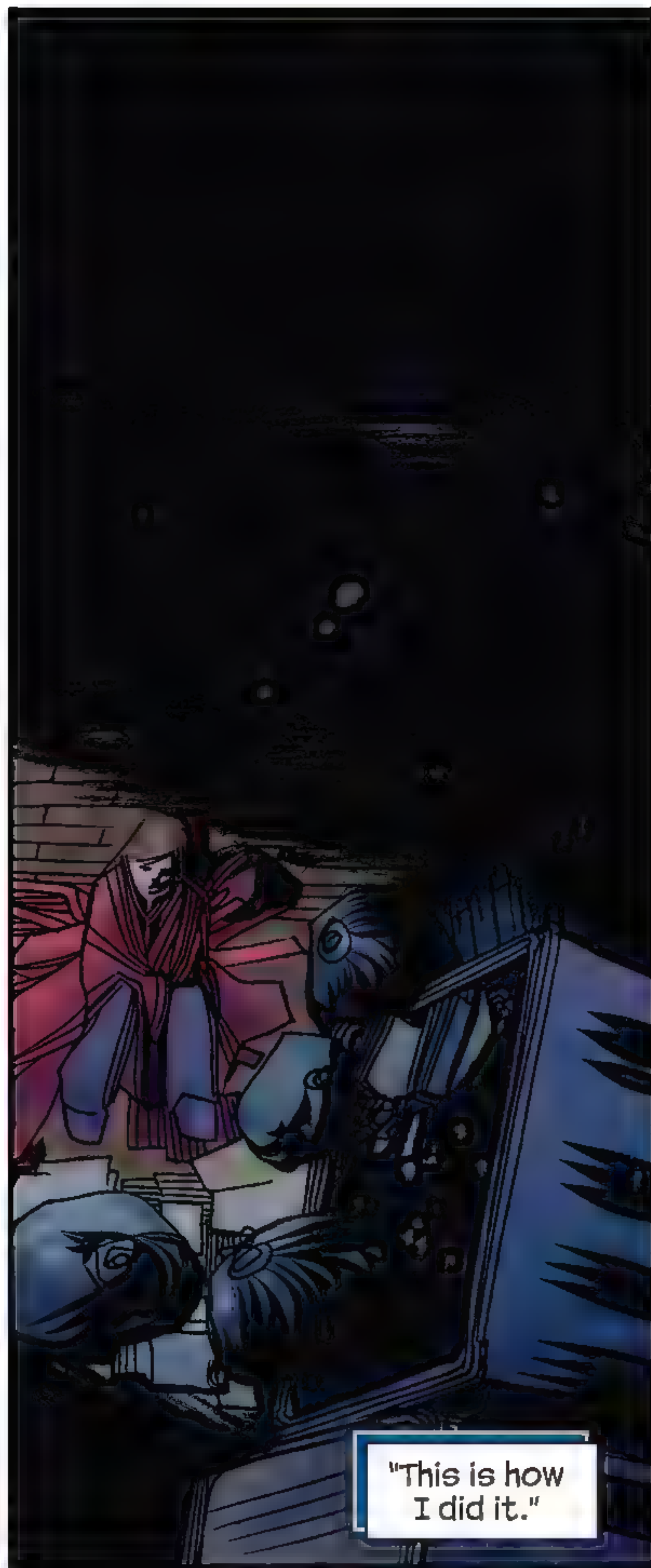
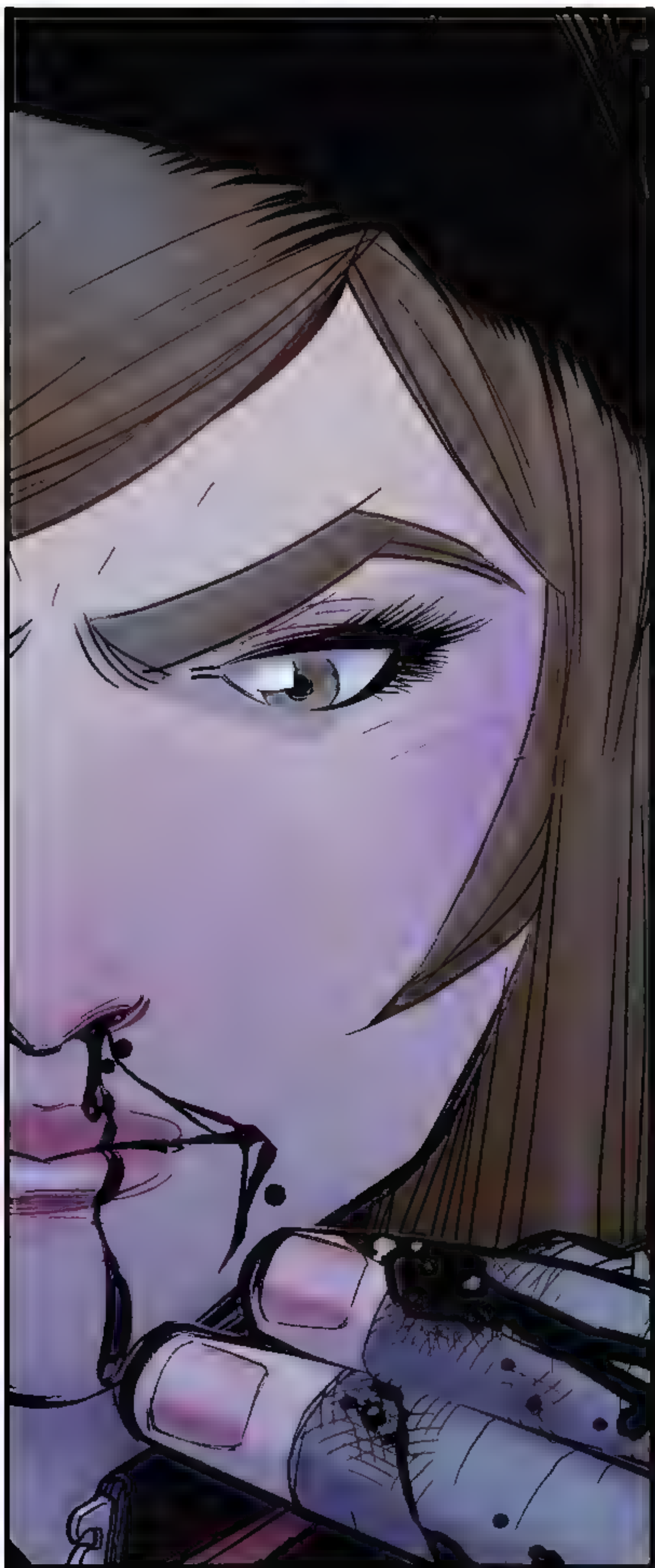
NO NO!!

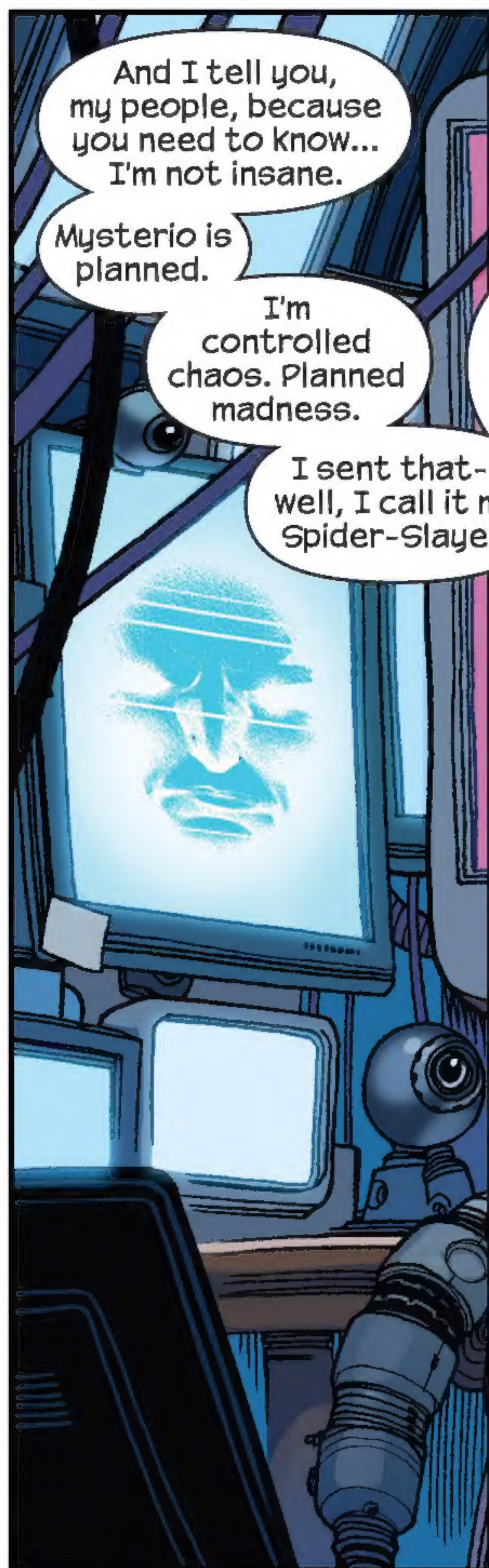
Stop!

Don't do that!









And I tell you, my people, because you need to know... I'm not insane.

Mysterio is planned.

I'm controlled chaos. Planned madness.

I sent that-- well, I call it my Spider-Slayer.



I sent it to that school. I designed it and I programmed it and launched the tech.

I'm not like Wilson Fisk. I'm not going to sit here and pretend Spider-Man isn't a concern until one day I wake up and he's ruined me.

No. *I'm* going to ruin him.

I'm going to out him, beat him and kill him. And I'll give this kid credit, he is formidable. He is a concern.

How did I get so hot on his tail? I'll tell you.

I have his blood. I have his DNA. His genetic scent.

And now I have footage.

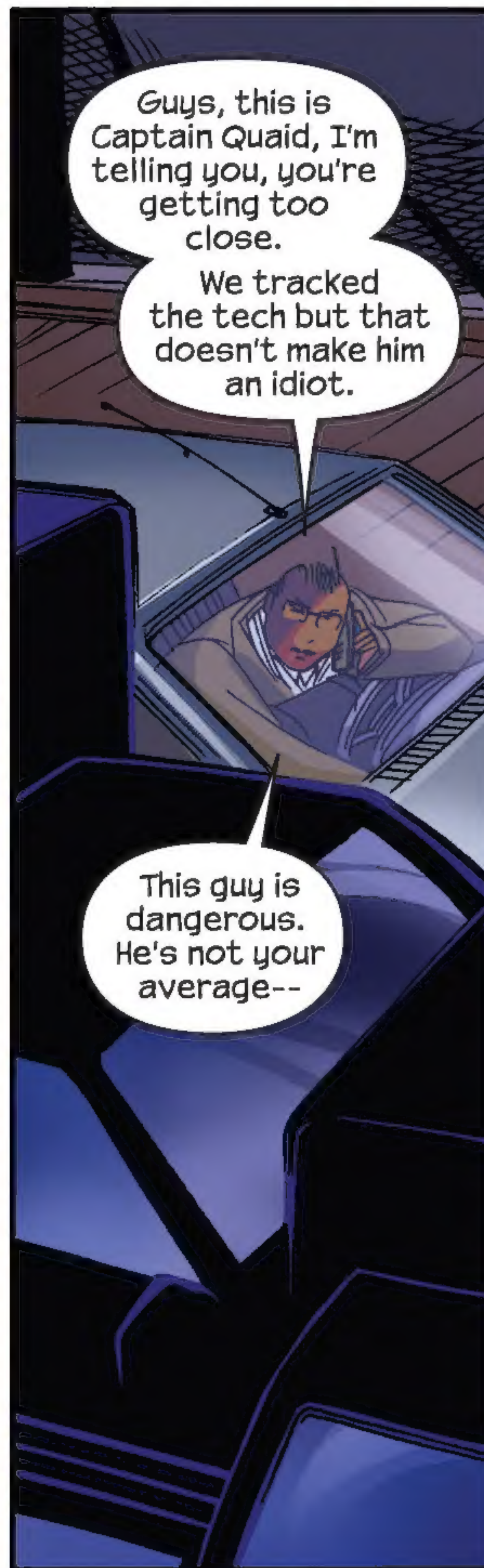
It's not the best, but someone knows who he is.



And as soon as I upload this, someone out there will help me ruin his--



Uh-oh. Seems I have a drop-by.



Guys, this is Captain Quaid, I'm telling you, you're getting too close.

We tracked the tech but that doesn't make him an idiot.

This guy is dangerous. He's not your average--



Damn it. So close.



Next Issue: The Watcher!

NEXT ISSUE

ULTIMATE COMICS ON SALE



**ULTIMATE COMICS
ARMOR WARS #4**



**ULTIMATE COMICS
ENEMY #1**



**ULTIMATE COMICS
AVENGERS #5**

THE MORE, THE MESSIER! ON SALE NOW

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